

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1871.

The Week.

MANY ingenious statements are sent over the Cable purporting to be facts, but being in reality the opinions, more or less worthless, of the news-collector. The most ingenious, however, arrived on Friday, when it was announced gravely that 'thousands of Prussian balls had fallen during the night in Paris, killing women and children, and striking ambulances, churches, museums, schoolhouses, etc.' We suppose the 'etc.' must mean that the balls also fell on nurseries and hospitals and funerals [and weddings, ripped up Bibles and prayer-books, smashed to pieces the *monts-de piété*, and made a noise resembling profane swearing on striking the pavement. The bad boy who threw the Bible at his grandmother, and the mean white who stole the horse from the one-armed negro, were evidently nothing to the Prussian gunners.

The San Domingo resolution of enquiry having passed, the President appointed a commission, composed of President White of the Cornell University, Mr. Benjamin F. Wade, the late senator from Ohio, and Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston; Mr. Allen S. Benton, of Kentucky, who is said to be a good Spanish scholar, going out as secretary. If Mr. Wade and Dr. Howe were younger, and were not both entirely wanting in the judicial faculty, there would be little fault to find with the arrangement. To send men, however high their character, to 'investigate,' who have all their lives cultivated the virtues of partisans—that is, the talent of seeing one side of a thing, and seeing that vividly and admiringly—can hardly be called judicious. But then appointments better calculated to remove all suspicion about the President in pushing the annexation scheme could hardly have been made. We may be sure that the report will be honest, and perhaps there is nothing more important than this as matters stand at present.

This disposition of the San Domingo affair will probably go far to disarm all hostility to the President, whatever may be the fate of the scheme itself. The men he has put on the Commission are incapable of conniving at any fraud or job, or of concealing any traces of it on which they may light, and even Mr. Sumner will probably be appeased by the appointment of Dr. Howe—though probably a large portion of the appearance of wrath in his late speech was due to his inability—which it is almost impossible to doubt—to measure the strength of his own language. He talks like a man who has passed his life among deaf people, and consequently is often amazed to find that he has given offence by shouting.

The judgment of the press on the Motley-Fish correspondence seems to be, as far as our observation has gone, that Mr. Fish erred in leaving Mr. Motley so long in ignorance of the real feeling of the Government about his performances; that common courtesy, to say nothing of sound policy, required that he should have been put on his guard at the very outset against whatever the Administration found fault with in his opinions; that Mr. Motley showed bad taste and bad judgment in ascribing his dismissal to Mr. Sumner's opposition to the San Domingo scheme, and, it might be added, that he showed in it also some want of self-respect, for there is more or less humiliation in confessing that one has been badly used in order to spite a patron who is too powerful to be got at. On the other hand, it appears to be generally thought that Mr. Fish erred still more grievously in his manner of repelling the imputation, than Mr. Motley in his manner of making it, and that if Mr. Motley did not show to much advantage in his performance of his diplomatic duties, Mr. Fish showed to as little in his manner of calling him to account. The *World* makes one point which is undoubtedly strong and probable, and that is, that the

Administration appointed Mr. Motley against its better judgment, and for the purpose of obliging Mr. Sumner, and when an appointment is made in this way a disastrous issue may, of course, be fairly expected. A story has been long current, and is tolerably well authenticated, that antipathy to and distrust of Mr. Motley were first roused in the President's breast by seeing that he parted his hair in the middle, an arrangement to which, according to competent observers, the Western mind has an unconquerable repugnance, in spite of its adoption in the East and in Europe by many estimable and able men of all ages, married as well as single.

The civil service has come up during the week in a debate on Senator Trumbull's bill, making it a misdemeanor for members of Congress to solicit offices or give [their opinion about candidates, unless asked for it. We wonder whether Mr. Trumbull really expects this bill to be enforced if passed, and whether he is not pushing it as simply a strong expression of opinion about the evils of the office-seeking nuisance. During the debate Senator Morton came out strongly against all change in the civil service, and pronounced the present system necessary to good democratic government, which is about the same thing as saying that lying, cheating, and stealing, and the deliberate discouragement of virtue and the deliberate promotion of vice, are necessary to good democratic government. The New York custom-house is at this moment undergoing a 'weeding-out' process at the hands of Mr. Murphy, under general instructions, we believe, from Washington, supplemented by his own sagacity. Now, when we say that this process is exactly the one which the devil would perform if he were appointed collector of this port, and that he would perform it on exactly the same principles, and with the same objects, and with the same results as Mr. Murphy performs it, we say what is strictly accurate, and we challenge any one who is familiar with the devil's character and habits and Mr. Murphy's late doings to deny it. The devil, for instance, on being sworn in, would seek out the clerks who gave their whole time to the duties of their office, and made them their first, great, and only consideration, and would incontinently dismiss them; while such clerks as made their duties a secondary consideration, and devoted most of their time to running about, making arrangements to keep him in power, he would retain and promote, and this is just what Mr. Murphy is doing. Highly competent clerks, long in the service, faithful, punctual, and exact, are now dismissed every week to make way for 'active politicians,' which, we need hardly say, is a synonym in this city for fussy, energetic rascals.

There was a debate on Monday in the Senate over Mr. Sherman's bill to cede to Ohio jurisdiction over its national asylum for disabled soldiers, which was valuable as showing that his Republican colleagues would not make a party issue of it, not a few of them endorsing the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio, by which Mr. Schenck lost his election and got his English mission. On Friday, Admiral Porter was confirmed, very much against the grain, and apparently as the only escape from leaving him out of the service. Several Georgia representatives have been admitted in the House, which has been chiefly engaged on appropriation bills. A laudable effort was made to raise the salaries of the justices of the Supreme Court from \$6,000 and \$6,500 to \$10,000 and \$10,500. Down-East parsimony, we regret to say, diminished the proposed increase by one-half. Mr. Wood's bill to regulate telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries, and which imposes very just and necessary conditions upon the laying, control, and use of cables, was passed unanimously. On Friday, Mr. Buffinton, who represents the New Bedford district and whale-ship interest in Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing that the President shall appoint three commissioners to audit the claims for damages by the Anglo rebel cruisers, and that bonds of the United States shall be issued in pay thereof. The early passage of this bill would put the Government none too soon on the right basis for settling the *Alabama* controversy.

The New York wing of the woman's suffrage movement, headed by Miss Victoria C. Woodhull, the Wall Street broker, have during the week made a determined assault on Congress, beginning with a series of addresses to the Judiciary Committee of the House, by Mrs. Hooker, Miss Anthony, and Miss Woodhull herself, who takes far higher ground than her colleagues, inasmuch as she declares that women are, under the Constitution, already entitled to the suffrage. Two converts were made among the members of the committee. Mr. B. F. Butler, we need hardly say, was one of them, and the other was Mr. Loughridge of Indiana. The majority of the committee were not convinced, and refused to take any notice of the ordeal to which they had been subjected, but the two neophytes are, it is said, going to bring in a minority report, and, at least, provoke a discussion in the House. The Senate Judiciary Committee refused to hear the delegates, the old dolts pretending they had no time to crack jokes with the humorous Anthony or listen to the ponderous wisdom of the learned and judicious Woodhull. Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, presented a petition in the Senate, however, signed by one thousand ladies, including wives of divers high functionaries, begging that women may not get the suffrage, on the strange ground, amongst others, that the duties already devolving on women are as much, if not more, than they can manage. Considering the small strain on women's health and energy which is at present caused by housekeeping, cooking, child-bearing, dressmaking, educating, and visiting, the almost rude energy with which these duties are performed, and the amount of animal spirits and nervous power one finds running to waste among the sex after they are performed, such arguments as this ought to excite pity rather than indignation. The woman's suffrage party naturally laughed over the petition, and said that competency to judge that the suffrage would be bad for women argued competency to exercise it, so that the ladies who signed it had stultified themselves. Still, this way of looking at the matter has a painful resemblance to the argument that anybody who knows enough of the dangers and difficulties of navigation to fear them, and to beg that when he goes to sea he may be allowed to go as a cabin passenger, shows thereby that he is an able-bodied seaman, and ought to be sent before the mast or made first mate.

The appearance of Miss Woodhull in the front rank of the movement, with an offer of a \$10,000 subscription, and with a weekly paper at her back, together with the adhesion of Mr. Butler and Mr. Loughridge, and the establishment of a committee in Washington to watch Congress and get a 'recognition' out of the President, proves the gradual entrance of the movement on the 'cute practical stage. In other words, it is working its way 'inside politics,' and attracting the attention of many truly patriotic politicians. We observe that Senator Wilson, who has been walking round it, poking it with a stick, and snuffing it for two or three years, has at last decided that it will suit him, and has stepped up on the platform.

Mr. Jenckes has brought in a modified bill for the reorganization of the Civil Service, providing simply that all officers of the Civil Service of the Government, except judges and clerks of United States courts, members of the Cabinet, and ministers to foreign courts, shall be selected by open and competitive examination; the examinations to be conducted, and all the rules and regulations relating to them to be framed by a commissioner and two assistant commissioners, appointed by the President, with the confirmation of the Senate. The rules and regulations are to be subject to the approval of the President, and every candidate is to pay five dollars before he can be examined, and ten if he obtains a certificate. All persons now in the Civil Service are to be examined as soon as the act passes, and dismissed if they do not come up to the required standard; and, in spite of the 'law of 1853,' and Mr. Boutwell's 'examination schedules,' we fear there would, if the bill should pass, be a terrible clearance. Provision is made for cases of eminent fitness for particular duties, in the absence of book-knowledge, by enabling the President to dispense with an examination whenever the head of a department advises him that it will be conducive to the public service to do so. This might be made the means

of breaking down the whole system; but there can hardly be doubt that, if it were in operation even two or three years, no President or head of department would dare to break it down. No mention is made of the tenure, but 'half a loaf is better than no bread,' and we presume there are few friends of the reform who would not be only too glad to secure even the filling of all vacancies from persons holding the certificates of the commissioners. Good men would not be dismissed so often if it were known that their places would have to be taken by men of the same kind. But what would become of the young men whom Mr. Boutwell says he is training up for the professions in the Treasury, and whom he paternally turns out as soon as he thinks they are ready for the cold world?

Another Life Insurance Company has been indicted by the State Superintendent, and a receiver of its property appointed by the courts. The proceedings show not only the worst kind of reckless mismanagement, and extravagant expenditure of a doubtful character, but a systematic falsification of entries for the purpose of deceiving the public and deluding the State authorities. The State Superintendent, who is doing his duty courageously, and apparently with intelligence, has probably done all that can be reasonably expected of him by 'discovering, disclosing, and denouncing these vicious practices.' But if, as he states, these false and fictitious entries were made with intent to 'give a false result and impression,' it would seem that here was an opportunity for some of our other officials to display a similar efficiency. Now that the District Attorney is no longer occupied with 'usury' prosecutions, how would it do to look into some of Superintendent Miller's allegations concerning false entries made by insurance companies? The victims of the latter are much less able to protect themselves than were the victims of the wicked usurers who excited the spontaneous indignation of our ever-watchful guardians of the public virtue and the public purse.

The unsatisfactory condition of general business is well illustrated by the fact that almost every one of the leading city papers is discussing the 'true causes of the hard times.' Decline in prices, from whatever cause, invariably makes business dull and unprofitable. The decline in cotton and breadstuffs appears to be arrested mainly by liberal export orders; but meat of every description, both fresh and cured, has had another decided fall, and is selling lower than at any time since 1865. Coal has been forced up on pretence of the strike which has now become general, and drygoods have been firmer on a somewhat better trade than was anticipated, and on the stoppage of many New England mills owing to the drought. Otherwise trade remains unchanged. Collections are greatly complained of, and Chicago reports again numerous failures. The troubles in Boston and New York growing out of the Oakes Ames suspension appear to be in a fair way of temporary adjustment, although rumor continues busy with the names of other parties interested. Mr. Ames' creditors have given him a liberal extension of time, and the management of the Union Pacific Railroad is to be reorganized under the auspices of strong parties in New York, from whose skill and credit great results are expected. Money has again become easy; but the banks, though nominally stronger, are not in as good a position as might be desired. Stocks have been materially higher, but fluctuating, under the usual manipulations of cliques, and without any participation by the general public. Gold keeps remarkably steady, and lends plausibility to the discussion of a return to specie payments, now being revived with some earnestness.

The meeting in celebration of the union of Italy and the restoration of Rome to its proper owners, the Italian people, was a great success, one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever seen in this city—a result somewhat due, we think, to the announcements made about the timidity of the politicians. A few—about five, and all Republicans—ventured to write letters expressing sympathy with the meeting; the remainder of a large number invited either wriggled out of it or frankly acknowledged their fear. The committee ought, as we suggested last week, to make thorough exposure of them. It has, we believe, tried to put a good face on the matter, and to conceal the extent of the coward.

ice which it met with, through sheer shame and dislike to let the Papal party see of what stuff American politicians were made; but this, we cannot help feeling, is a mistake. The public is not afraid, and a good exposure of the politicians—who are perhaps the basest and meanest class modern society has produced—would do as much to keep ecclesiastical pretensions within bounds as anything that could be devised for the purpose.

The old year closed, in South Carolina, and the new year opened, with a series of disturbances in the 'up-country,' as the northwestern corner of the State is called, which quite rival the lawlessness in North Carolina, against which Governor Holden called out his militia. Sometimes the blacks began the taking of life, and sometimes the whites, but the latter figure oftenest in the familiar Ku-klux rôle of surrounding and murdering a man in his own house, or breaking open jails and carrying off the prisoners, to be shot in secret, with greater or less atrocity. Much of this is a sequel of the bitterness engendered by the late election, and to have been a Republican trial-justice, or a candidate for representative, has not been 'healthy' in Union, Newberry, Laurens, or Spartanburg. All parties admit the fact of these disorders, and the Governor has been urged to send his militia to the seat of them. The North Carolina example has, perhaps, saved him from doing that, though he is compelled to take some steps to investigate the matter. If specific remedies were of much use in such cases, we should count that a right step which a legislator has taken in moving to amend the unjust election law which raised suspicions of fraud, if it did not in all cases lead to the perpetration of it; and that is also a proper bill which makes the county liable for damages committed by any mob within its limits. But it is evident that the true friends of the State should pray and work as they are able for three things: the decline of the carpet-bag influence, the increase of population by immigration, and the establishment of an efficient school-system. The first reform must pretty much take care of itself. Ku-klux and other outrages are the great obstacles to the second, which is favored by a bill now before the Senate, giving aliens the right to hold property in the State on equal terms in all respects with native citizens. As for schools, the last report of the Commissioner of Education can number only 657, less than one-half of which are in what even a Carolinian would call 'good condition.' The State appropriates but \$50,000 a year for a school population of 175,000. The teachers are generally very incapable and appointed without proper examination, and the people are apathetic about sending their children to get instruction. It chimes with what we said the other day to read that the Freedmen's Bureau Schools are decidedly the best in the State.

The army of General Chanzy, attempting to cover Le Mans, has fought a series of engagements on the banks of the Huisne, a north-eastern affluent of the Sarthe, and suffered a crushing defeat. The reports, however, as far as received here, concerning the movements preceding, accompanying, and succeeding the decisive encounters, are uniformly imperfect, and, in part, quite incongruous. What we can best make out is the following: The first considerable engagements took place on Tuesday, the 10th, east of the Huisne, both main divisions of Frederic Charles's command pressing on the French, who were forced back toward Le Mans with a loss of several pieces of artillery and two thousand prisoners. The Prussian right wing, under the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg, crossed the Huisne on that day, and, on the following, a great battle was fought between Montfort and Le Mans, the French army, posted on both banks of the river, being attacked all along the line. The fight was hotly contested, and seems to have been decided by the disastrous defeat of the French right. Chanzy fell back in a northwesterly direction, leaving ten thousand prisoners in the hands of the victors, and abandoning Le Mans, which Frederic Charles entered on Thursday, the 12th, capturing large quantities of supplies and war material. On the last-named day, however, Chanzy's left wing—then his rear—was still able to contest, though ineffectually, the advance of the Grand-Duke in a severe engagement, which cost the French

another thousand prisoners, and after which it crossed the Sarthe, west of Savigné-l'Évêque, closely pursued by the enemy. The defeated army was again assailed on the 13th and 15th, losing considerably; and, on its double line of retreat, along the railroads to Laval and Alençon—that is, to Brest and Cherbourg—evacuated the vast fortified camp of Conlie and Beaumont-sur-Sarthe. Frederic Charles reports it to be 'broken up and disorganized,' after an aggregate loss of twenty thousand in captives alone.

In the East, where we at last distinctly see General Bourbaki in command of the French forces, the Germans have met with little success in their renewed offensive movements, and have fallen back on the defensive, while waiting for overwhelming reinforcements—the Second, Seventh, and Fourteenth Corps—under Gen. Manteuffel, who is to assume command in that department. After desultory fighting, with varying success, against some smaller French detachments, between Langres and Montbard, the Germans, under Von Werder, advanced against Bourbaki's main body, posted on the Oignon, on the confines of the Departments of Doubs and Haute-Saône, and attacked it on the 9th. Both commanders reported victory—Von Werder also the capture of eight hundred prisoners—and both announced the carrying of Villersexel by storm; but Bourbaki, who, on the evening of the battle, 'could not ascertain the full extent' of his success, subsequently reported his troops passing the whole of Tuesday night in driving the enemy from the houses of that town, which shows that neither party had been decisively victorious on Monday. Later, however, we hear of Bourbaki at Onans, beyond Villersexel, and carrying Arcey, on the road to Héricourt and Belfort; still later, through a despatch from the Swiss border, dated the 13th, of 'severe fighting all that day' west of Héricourt, 'which had not ceased at a late hour in the evening, the result unknown;' and, finally, of a Prussian victory on the 15th, 'south of Belfort.' On the final result of these operations depends the fate of that Alsatian fortress, the siege of which was vigorously pushed at last accounts. In the North, Peronne had capitulated with three thousand men, Longwy was invested, the citadel of Givet threatened for a short while, and Cambrai menaced by Von Goeben, who had replaced Manteuffel at the head of the forces operating against Faidherbe and Havre.

The Prussian fire against six or seven of the forts of Paris—on the south and east—connected with some shelling of the southwestern region of the city itself, has been kept up throughout the week. The besieging batteries having been advanced, according to a Versailles despatch, a thousand paces nearer Forts Issy and Vanves, the bombardment in that direction, which had slackened on Tuesday, the 10th, on account of a snow-storm, was resumed with vigor on the following day, and continued on the 12th. The barracks of Fort Issy were seen to be in ruins, and several fires to have broken out at different points within the French lines. The besieged had erected new batteries, and the besiegers, expecting a sortie against their lines in the south-west, were crowding in front of Clamart and Meudon. And according to communications from within the walls, the quarters of the city lying north of Forts Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge were all that time exposed to a rain of shells, which sometimes fell every two minutes, striking the Champ-de-Mars, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Luxembourg, the Sorbonne, the Church of St. Sulpice, the Val-de-Grace, and their surroundings, and doing havoc in streets, private buildings, and hospitals, and among collections of art. The simultaneous bombardment from the east, however, had little effect upon the city. On Friday, the 13th, the army of Paris made vigorous sorties in opposite directions, advancing at the same time against the Prussian Guards, near Le Bourget and Drancy, east of St. Denis, against the Prussian Eleventh Corps, near Meudon, and against the Second Bavarian, near Clamart. All these assaults, however, met with decided repulses after some spirited fighting. On the 14th, the bombardment was renewed, Forts Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge—as reported from Versailles—being silent. Some fresh batteries, unmasked by the French on the 16th, were also silenced.

WHAT GAMBETTA IS DOING FOR FRANCE.

WE do not know where in modern history there is anything to be found so miserable as is the state of France at this moment. To men who know what war means, and what are the conditions of success in war, and what the strong and weak points of French armies are, there has not been a chance for France since the fall of Metz. It is not possible to improvise an army of Frenchmen—and improvise it without officers, too—which can stand in the open field against such a machine as the Prussian army, in itself an almost perfect instrument of destruction, and drawing, as no other army in the world does, its reinforcements from trained reserves, and, more than all, fighting under a strategist of whom it is no exaggeration to say that he has had only one equal since Julius Cæsar. The hosts which Gambetta has been drawing together in the provinces, and which Trochu has been trying to train in Paris, really do little more than madden the invader, make his exactions more remorseless, and his temper fiercer. They are picturesque, to be sure, and furnish exciting reading for the winter's fireside, the vain efforts of these crowds of peasants with their new Chassepots and their new uniforms to stem this dreadful tide, which is sweeping across their frozen fields, cruel and irresistible as fate itself. But their spasmodic valor only fills a few more German homes with mourning; it does not stay the conqueror's march or render the issue doubtful. We do not say that it is not better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all. People owe something to their self-respect, even when they know that exertion is useless. There are times when men owe it to their own manhood to fight on, no matter how the fight is going to end; but Frenchmen have done all that either pride or patriotism calls for. There is nothing left in their struggle to call forth any fresh admiration. People who read of the havoc wrought by former wars can draw from it no conception of the havoc of this, because no war of ancient or modern times has been carried on on so great a scale and with so much destructiveness in the midst of a country so densely peopled and so highly cultivated as France is. The Prussian army is to-day working more misery than any army of its size has ever wrought. The houses it destroys can soon be rebuilt, the fields restored to cultivation, and the high roads and bridges to traffic; there are no scars left by war on the face of the earth which human industry cannot soon remove; but the shock of hostile armies in the midst of a society so populous, highly civilized, and so complicated in all its relations as French society is, means misery which no human power can wipe out—the disruption of family ties where ties were close, numerous, and of infinite value—the loss of the accumulations of years in a country where accumulation is slow—the destruction of homes where homes are hard to win and dearly loved. Neither labor, nor capital, nor domestic industry, nor foreign charity, nor peace, nor good government can give back to this generation of Frenchmen what the events of the last six months have taken from it. It will find peace in the grave, but nowhere this side of it. This seems a hard thing to say, but it is literally true. We must not judge of French capacity for recuperation by our experience of a country like ours, in which hope overflows, ties of all kinds sit lightly and are easily dissolved, enterprise vigorous, resources boundless, and change a habit.

For all these reasons, horrible a thing as it seems, we confess we cannot greatly regret anything which promises to hasten the conclusion of this mad struggle. If the bombardment of Paris will do it, better Paris should be bombarded than that this wild hoping against hope, and these frantic efforts to achieve the impossible and avoid the inevitable, should go on much longer. Nobody who thinks calmly about the future of France, can help wishing that the end be reached quickly through whatever brief increase of devastation. Whatever chance she had of an orderly constitutional government after the fall of the Empire, Gambetta and his coadjutors are deliberately destroying. Under the most favorable circumstances, with peace and plenty within her borders, to set up such a government, as everybody knows, were no easy matter. A thousand illusions, hates, hopes, and fears work against it, and work in a way for which the best Frenchmen have as yet been unable to find a remedy. The task of creating institutions that will give her peace and liberty and order is one from which her ablest men, even in the most tranquil

times, shrink almost in despair. We believe we have read what nearly every one of them has had to say within the last five years about what is in store for her, and have as yet failed to light upon one confident or joyful anticipation. What will that task be after the Prussian troops are withdrawn, and the ruined towns and famished provinces are left face to face with their misery and humiliation, without an army, or a government, or anything in the shape of an institution for which they have a shred of gratitude or respect? M. Laveleye says there will then be a great reaction in favor of religion, and he is perhaps right; but even in this prospect there is little political comfort to be found, for he confesses, as all must confess who know what religious revivals in Catholic countries mean, that the first effect of this reaction will be the increase of the influence of the priesthood—in other words, a falling back towards the Middle Ages.

Considering that the efforts of the Imperialists have been steadily directed during the last eighteen years towards the destruction of even such rudiments of self-reliance and political sense as had sprung up under the Restoration and the Orleanists, the first duty of those who overthrew the Imperial régime, with its 'personal government,' was clearly to set up a representative assembly that would in some degree express the opinions and feelings of the country, and bring home to all voters a sense of their responsibility for their fate. A worse offence against France than the continued refusal to allow the country to take charge of its own affairs and decide on its own destinies, it would be hard to think of; and yet—so strange are the ways of French politicians—this the members of the Government of National Defence immediately set about committing. They set up another personal government instead of Louis Napoleon's. They entrusted the management of French affairs in peace and war to a couple of lawyers in black broadcloth, instead of an adventurer dressed up as a field-marshal—but, this done, everything went on as before. What Badinguet did, Gambetta does. He levies taxes, raises levies of men, carries on war, arrests, shoots, hangs, and transports—with better motives than Badinguet's and a better character than Badinguet's, we freely admit, but with, we sincerely believe, the same influence as regards politics on the French mind. The reasons which to an American or Englishman imperatively prescribed the calling together of a national assembly—that is, the danger of the country and its need of men and taxes and allies—he and Jules Favre unblushingly assigned as reasons why no assembly should be called, and why Gambetta should be allowed to do what was right in his own eyes. Fancy Lincoln's or Stanton's gravely informing us in 1861 that, the condition of public affairs being very critical, and one-half the country being occupied by hostile forces, they would govern as long as the war lasted as their own wills dictated, and without Congress; and yet Lincoln and Stanton were the products of a popular vote. Moreover, Gambetta has gone rather further than Louis Napoleon. He doctored and manipulated the elections so that the legislature should not be otherwise-minded than himself; but Gambetta, to avoid this very same result, gravely announces that he will not call the legislature together at all.

The consequence is that there is, in the midst of their great agony, absolutely no way in which the French people can express their wishes with regard to the prosecution of the war. The French press has never been of much value as an organ of public opinion; it is now of less value than ever. The principal newspapers appear inside the besieged capital; the others have little circulation and no influence whatever. At this moment, therefore, the young lawyer who is wielding the national resources has within his reach no means of consulting the people whose blood and money he is so lavishly spending, and, as is not unnatural, does not wish for any such means. It is said, we know, that the readiness with which he is obeyed proves that his acts are authorized by the nation; but this is, under the circumstances, an odd argument. He and his colleagues have so managed matters that the choice of Frenchmen lies between Gambetta's government and no government at all; between obedience to his orders and anarchy; between a profession of faith in his bombastic proclamations and an abject and unconditional surrender to the enemy. What can a Frenchman do or say before such an alternative? Was there ever such an alternative offered to a great nation, and was there ever such treason to the cause

of popular government as the pretence that it is all that Frenchmen ought to ask for or have any right to expect? The worst of Gambetta's rule is, however, that it still further familiarizes the French people with the processes of despotism; it confirms them in the deplorable habit of seeking relief in 'personal government' from the dangers and responsibilities and anxieties of self-government; it strengthens that contempt for parliamentary bodies, as mere assemblages of rhetoricians, which more or less pervades French society, and which has been the great support of the military régime, for so many generations the curse of the country. The more successful Gambetta is in carrying on the war, the more difficult does he render it to set up anything better than Gambetta in the shape of a government after the war is over. His failure, therefore, humiliating as it is for France, is not the worst thing that could happen her. If the misfortunes which have overtaken her under the knot of gentlemen who have charge of her destinies in this unhappy war should do anything to destroy all faith in 'saviours of society' and brilliant 'organizers,' and to attach the popular mind firmly to the slow and clumsy but sure and healthy methods of popular government, bitter as they are, and hard to bear, they will in the long run prove better than victories.

THE SCANDAL AMONG THE METHODISTS.

An investigation with open doors into the alleged frauds in the Methodist Book Concern has at last been commenced and is now pending. When it is remembered that the first public mention of these frauds was made in September, 1869, and that ever since that time not only the reputation of the Methodist body but of religion itself has been suffering seriously from the stories told about them, it must be admitted that the delay in examining them has been a most remarkable phenomenon. The main fact of the case is that Dr. Lanahan, the assistant agent or superintendent in charge of the Concern, declared, a year and a-half ago, that he had discovered serious waste and even dishonesty in its management. As soon as he made this charge, there ought to have been an immediate and thorough investigation, and the persons touched by it ought, as honorable men and good Christians, to have clamored for the investigation and refused all postponement. So far from this, however, nearly everybody connected with the Concern seems to have had his mind occupied not with the question whether there had really been fraud and mismanagement, but whether Dr. Lanahan could not be induced to stop the scandal caused by his mention of it and prevent the decline in the business of the Concern. On Dr. Lanahan's refusing to retract his charges, he was relegated to the character of a culprit, and, comically enough, it is he and not the persons whom he accused who is now on his trial. In fact, the 'credit' about which many of the brethren seem to have been most concerned all along is not the credit of the church as a spiritual institution, but the credit of the church as a moneyed corporation, with bills to meet, bonds to put on the market, and goods to sell.

We are not going to enter into a history of the affair or make more than a passing reference to the two or three sham or at least abortive investigations which have been attempted during the past year, and every one of which has resulted in confirming the impression that whether or not there had been fraud in the management of the Book Concern, there had been something wrong in it that called for examination, and that even if Dr. Lanahan were a libeller there was some foundation or color for his libels which needed clearing up. We shall express no opinion either as to the truth or falsehood of his statements. This is now at last under investigation, and, what is more important than all, public investigation; and though we hold the form of enquiry to be radically wrong and to reveal a most extraordinary misapprehension on the part of many leading men in the Methodist denomination as to the exact relations of the church to the community at large, it will, nevertheless, in all probability bring out the truth, which is the main point. When an officer of an institution managing what may fairly be called trust funds, brings a charge of malfeasance against any of his associates, the proceeding which usage and common sense prescribe is to put the person whom he accuses in-

stantly on his defence, and to call on the accuser for his proofs. This is the course pursued in courts of law and in all enquiries of a judicial nature conducted by laymen. The charge of libel or of perjury against the prosecutor follows the trial of the accused but never precedes it. If a man, having had his watch stolen, goes to swear a complaint against somebody whom on good grounds he suspects of stealing it, the magistrate does not at once make the prosecutor give bail to appear and stand his trial on a charge of slander and defamation, and declare that the truth will come out in that way as well as in any other. If he did, there would be very few charges brought, and most thieves would escape. Or, to use a closer illustration—if the cashier of a bank was to inform the president that he had discovered that one of the tellers was a defaulter, the first act of the president would certainly be to secure the teller and investigate his accounts, and not to try the cashier for lying. If the president of a bank received charges of fraud against one of his officers as some members of the Methodist body have received the charges of fraud in the Book Concern, and enquired into their truth only indirectly, through a libel suit against the accuser, people would certainly be very shy of keeping deposits at his bank or owning stock in it. The time to try a false witness is after his accusations have been examined and have broken down. To treat him from the outset as a culprit is to favor crime by making the exposure of it troublesome and vexatious, if not dangerous. Slander and 'scandal' are bad things, but they are not so bad as theft or embezzlement, and it is recognized in all systems of jurisprudence with which we possess any acquaintance, that to make accusation *prima facie* an offence would enable all other classes of offenders to thrive. If all this be true of the machinery for the protection of purely mundane interests, how much more true is it of machinery for the protection of interests that are eternal.

We doubt, indeed, if we have ever met with a more striking illustration of the dangers which the church runs whenever it becomes a great proprietor than is to be found in Judge Fancher's speech at the opening of Dr. Lanahan's trial. After mentioning the publication of Dr. Lanahan's charge in the newspapers in September, 1869, he proceeds to speak of their consequences. To anybody who duly considers what the Methodist denomination and all other denominations profess to be and undertake to do, the consequences of most gravity seem obvious enough; indeed, the gravest consequences are so grave that all others beside them seem utterly insignificant and trivial. Of course, in the case of an institution which has for its object the spread of moral and religious truth, and which is ostensibly managed for the glory of God and not for worldly profits, the most lamentable result, and indeed, it would seem, the only result worth mention, of a charge of pecuniary dishonesty against its conductors, is the shock to the religious convictions of that large body of persons in all churches and communities in whose eyes the claims of religion to confidence and respect are based on the character of its leading teachers and professors. That a youth who has been brought up on the mental and moral pabulum supplied by the Book Concern should be suddenly informed that the managers of the Concern, who get up and distribute all these improving publications, are a parcel of knaves who care more for their own pockets than for the salvation of souls, is certainly a serious matter, not so much because he will not buy or read the books of the Concern any more, as because it shakes his faith in everything he has held sacred—the greatest misfortune that can happen to a human being.

We were, therefore, a good deal surprised—we were going to say, entertained—at reading Judge Fancher's enumeration of the terrible things which happened after the publication of Dr. Lanahan's charges in the *New York Times*. As the first, and we suppose the worst, he sets down the heavy depreciation of certain bonds issued by the Book Concern to pay for the new building called the 'Publishing House.' Those persons who had bought some already declared they were swindled, and nobody else could be got to buy any at all. An effort, the judge says, was then made to do 'something to counteract the effect of that atrocious article'—that is, the effect not on faith and morals, but on the credit of the Concern in Wall Street. Dr. Lanahan refused, however, to sign a paper that was prepared for this purpose; so Judge Fancher declares with much solemnity, 'that the man who would

permit such an article to circulate without following it with an explanation was not fit to have charge of the vast interests of the Methodist Book Concern,' as if the first and great interest of the Book Concern and of all other 'Concerns' on the globe was not to be honestly managed. After the appearance of the article, says the judge, not a bond could be issued, though \$80,000 worth had previously been 'taken quite freely.' In 1867, the profits of the Concern were \$88,602; in 1868, they were \$131,950; but when these changes were made, they fell in 1869 to \$68,719, and properly fell, we think; but the judge thinks it was horrible, and of other loss and damage he makes no mention. We wish they had fallen to nothing, and remained at nothing, until the charges were investigated fully and openly; it is a disgrace to the Methodist Church that the profits did not disappear altogether—that anybody bought its books, while its leading men were trying to shirk enquiry as to whether a solemn trust had or had not been grossly abused. Dr. Lanahan, according to Judge Fancher, has written to bishops and others of the clergy such words as these: 'Fraud, fraud, fraud! Infamous and deep has been the history of this Concern for many years.' 'Is a man,' the judge enquires, 'that is capable of writing that sentence, capable to stand in the place of one of the principal agents of the Book Concern?' May it please the judge, if the frauds exist, the man who wrote that sentence is just the man to stand in that place. Moreover, there is no surer sign of rottenness in any sect, body, or organization than the appearance of greater horror over the making of an accusation than over the commission of the offence. As soon as we see 'scandal' become the greatest dread of a community, we may be sure that its morals are becoming muddled at their source. The elaborate arrangements made by Jesuit casuists for its prevention at any cost are among the disgraces of Catholic theology, and we should be sorry to see similar pains taken in any Protestant denomination for the polishing of the outside of the platter. 'Bonds' might rise, and 'profits' grow, and 'sales' swell, and yet every object for which the Christian church exists be neglected. There is a point at which a man may become too 'good a business man' for the successful promotion of the Christian religion, and every denomination which for any purpose takes to buying and selling has to see to it that the managers of its affairs do not reach it.

SLAVIC AGITATIONS IN AUSTRIA.

THE threatening attitude so suddenly assumed by Russia towards her southwestern neighbors, while declaring her determination no longer to abide by all the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, has caused quite a ferment among the Slavic populations of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, on both sides of the Leitha. And were all the Slavic elements of that polyglot monarchy not only united by a loose tie of race-relationship in various degrees, but animated by converging national tendencies and sympathies, that ferment, openly and secretly fomented by Russian agencies, might become not a little dangerous to the continuance of the Germano-Hungarian leadership at Vienna and Pesth, and even to the very existence of the Empire. Fortunately, however, for Germans and Magyars, Francis Joseph and Beust, the elements opposed to or not participating in that leadership, are still further removed from political harmony, even, than from a real unity of language, available as a basis for constructive national purposes. More than this, some of the Austrian Slavi are at this moment agitated by feelings among themselves which not only conflict, but almost neutralize each other.

The most outspoken in their sympathies for Russia and her Panslavic advances are the Serbs of Hungary—also known as Rascians—who occupy the fertile lands on and near the Danube border in the south of that country, opposite the semi-independent Principality of (Turkish) Serbia, and who in 1848-49 made themselves conspicuous by their deadly struggle with the Magyars. Their organ, the *Srbski Narod* ('Serb Nation') of Neusatz, on the Danube, gives quite unequivocal vent to their revolutionary sentiments, when it says:

'This attitude of Russia means the resurrection of the Slavic world; the Russian is the deliverer and avenger of the Slavi. . . . The Austro-Hungarian press preaches a crusade against the Russians. Is it stupidity or insolence which makes the Magyars see allies in the Slavi against

Russia? They deceive themselves. The Slavi, of Austro-Hungary as well as of Turkey, have ceased to mind their Agas and Spahis. The hour of justice and freedom has come. The resurrection is nigh. The bridegroom is coming for his bride. We are ready to stand anything rather than, jointly with Tartars, lift up our hand against our Slavic brethren. Let the gentlemen at Vienna and Pesth know, then, that in our eyes a war against Russia means a struggle against the freedom of the East, a struggle of barbarians against civilization.'

And this mouthpiece of the Serb nation is the more inclined to see barbarians in Germans and Hungarians, and in the Russians defenders of civilization, as the latter are not only Slavi, but upholders of the Greek double cross, which the Serbs worship, against Protestants and Catholics.

The Poles of Galicia, on the other hand, who, though Slavi themselves, and not entirely devoid of general Slavic sympathies, see in the Russians only the bloody persecutors both of their country and church, and in a triumph of Russian Panslavism the final extinction of their nationality, naturally take the opposite view of the complication, hailing in it a chance of once more unfurling their banner—this time side by side with Magyars and Germans—for 'the freedom of the East,' against the Muscovite barbarians. And their impatience to fly to arms against these deadly foes is increased by the desire of indirectly aiding France—their ally of old, and so often their last, though deceptive, hope—in her desperate contest with Prussia, whose secret ally they see in the Czar. Unmindful of the perils to which the open northern and eastern frontiers of their province and the hostility of their Ruthenian fellow-citizens would, in case of an Austro-Russian conflict, surely expose that last asylum of Polish autonomy and nationality, they tremble at the idea of a diplomatic conference settling the 'Black Sea question' without the arbitrament of arms; and the Polish press of Galicia gives frequent utterance to their dissatisfaction with the slowness of the Hungarians to move in the affair, considering which, in all its aspects, there cannot be but perfect accord of interest and sentiment between the two warlike and friendly nations north and south of the Carpathians. But the Magyars, though hostile to Russia almost as intensely as the Poles, and, since the fall of the Empire, unanimous in their lively sympathy with France, are now, as usual, inclined to follow reason and wise statesmanship rather than sudden impulses; and, while waiting for England to give the signal for a general 'crusade against the Russians,' prudently abstain from rushing into war, with only Cis-Leithan Austria and Turkey for allies, which, as an avowed republican in the Pesth *Hon* ('Fatherland') expresses it, would be committing the useless crime of national suicide from love of France and the republic.

The Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia occupy a middle ground between their Rascian and Polish brethren, with an apparently decided leaning towards the former. And while the Poles, in spite of all the crimes Austria formerly committed against them, can now be counted upon by Count Beust as the most loyal to the sceptre of his master, and are ready to compromise their grievances with the Reichsrath through the President of the Cis-Leithan cabinet—Count Potocki, their countryman—the Czechs, formerly the pets of the monarchy, are the principal stumbling-block in the path of the Austrian statesmen of the present, and the deadweight on the machinery of the new constitution of the Empire. In vain has Potocki tried to conciliate them by moderate concessions. In vain have elections to the Reichsrath by districts been ordered to replace the representatives chosen by the Bohemian Diet, who, being all Czechs, refused to appear. The Czech opposition has spurned the conciliatory overtures, and, by voting for recusants in the district elections it declared to be illegal, frustrated their result; and thus the Czech nation is not only unrepresented in the Cis-Leithan parliament, but maddened by its own violent yet hitherto fruitless resistance, and almost ready to go to extremes. Revolt, however, being impossible under the actual circumstances, going to extremes means to threaten rebellion in furtherance of the Panslavic movements of Russia, should these lead to a collision between her and the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and this Dr. Rieger and a number of his fellow-agitators in Bohemia and Moravia, aided by a simultaneous agitation among Croats, Slovans, and other South-Austrian Slavi, have done, in a memorial presented to Count Beust, to be presented by him

to the Emperor. The memorial solemnly declares that any attempt at coercing Russia to observe the treaty of 1856 would be an insult to the whole Slavic race; that the Czechs are firmly united by ties of race and tradition with all other Slavic nationalities, and therefore warn Austria of the peril in which an anti-Russian policy would place her very existence as an empire.

Unfortunately, however, for Czech political logic, the same memorial puts almost equal emphasis upon what it declares to be just, wise, and good Slavic policy in regard to the Franco-Prussian struggle—that is, a policy favoring the preservation of French integrity and the limitation of Prussian aggression. This, it is true, shows the consistency of the memorialists' Slavic sentiments, as uniformly directed against the Germans; but, when closely examined, places them in actual antagonism to themselves. For to demand an Austrian policy friendly both to Russia and France, at a moment when Austria is known to abstain from interfering in favor of the latter, and taking revenge for Sadowa, mainly from fear of the former, is to stultify one's self. And what makes the position assumed by the memorializers still more untenable is the circumstance that the French sympathies of the Czechs, who are chiefly Catholics, are known to be much more sincere and general than their enthusiasm for Russia, which is displayed mainly for political effect, and by no means shared by either the clergy or the aristocracy, both of whom would require but little persuasion to join in a 'crusade against the Russians.' All this has made it easy for Count Beust to treat the memorialists with decision and almost with contempt, telling them that if the Czech nation demands to be heard concerning the international policy of the Empire, it must appear in the representative assembly of the latter; that the channel of communication the signers of the memorial have chosen is altogether unconstitutional; and that their offensive utterances only stop short of high treason. And the Czech agitators have the mortification of seeing their action ridiculed and denounced not only by the German and Magyar press, but also by the Polish journals, of the Empire, while the only words of comfort they receive from beyond its boundaries are the encouraging greetings of their Slavic brethren of Moscow and St. Petersburg—whom they serve so well.

THE TWO 'MOVEMENTS' AMONG WOMEN.

THERE has been a horticultural school established near Boston for the education of women in the culture of flowers and their preparation for the market—an excellent occupation, and one for which women are apparently admirably fitted. They have a natural love of flowers; the colors and the perfume are both very grateful to them, far more so than to men, and they have a natural gift for making up bouquets. Nevertheless, the results accomplished by the school have not thus far been very satisfactory. To be sure, it has not nearly funds enough to carry on its operations as they ought to be carried on; but, then, the pressure of pupils on its resources has not been nearly as great as it was hoped it would be. It is too soon as yet to pronounce with any positiveness on the result of the experiment, but one is reasonably made anxious about it by the total failure of the various agricultural schools which have been established in various parts of the country to attract male pupils. We believe we are not guilty of much exaggeration when we say that these schools have no pupils. The young men who go to school and college are very largely influenced in doing so by a wish *not* to be farmers, while those who have to be farmers consider, and their fathers consider, that they can learn farming better on the farm than anywhere else. What farmers, young and old, want to know about the theory of farming, they get from the agricultural books and newspapers, and what they do not want to know they think is not worth knowing. In the East, the most intelligent and most enterprising of the farmers' sons either refuse to follow their fathers' calling altogether and go to the cities and become clerks or salesmen, or go out West and try farming by machinery on a grand scale, getting all they can out of the ground with the least possible trouble and outlay. In fact, in spite of prodigious exertions on the part of poets, orators, editors, and lecturers, rural life, especially if accompanied by the tillage of the soil, is not held in much esteem by the people who have had most experience of it. Their highest ambition, and the first use to which they put talents or good fortune, is to get out of it. They say it is laborious and lonesome, and, therefore, opposed to 'the spirit of the age;' and the women like it less

than the men, and find its hardships and inconveniences more serious. Our city ladies, however late the hours they keep, or heavy and hot the suppers they eat, or however deeply they plunge into fashionable dissipation, are pictures of health compared to country girls. A vigorous New York belle, even after a winter's gaiety, would be stared at in any country district for her appearance of rude health. The 'milkmaid' whose 'roses' have stood so many poets in good stead, is now a cadaverous creature, with sunken eyes, and pallid cheeks, and flat arms, and weary limbs with no spring in them. She is, in fact, going out of poetry as fast as she can—the poets are hurrying her feeble steps.

It is, therefore, not unreasonable to fear that the horticultural experiment will not succeed unless women who have 'the elevation of woman' at heart will go into it, and show what may be done by it, and things like it, for female health and happiness. In so far as it has been tried, its effects on the health of the women, we believe, have been very remarkable; but we doubt if the proclamation of this fact will do as much for it as it ought, and for several reasons, which we shall state as moderately and inoffensively as we can.

There are two movements going on among women in our day—the first, among the farmers' daughters and working girls generally, and which is by far the most widely spread and the strongest, has for its object what may be called a 'genteel,' or, in other words, an idle life, or a life of light, clean, indoor, and sedentary labor, which does not involve a total sacrifice of personal liberty—which, for instance, leaves the evenings free, and makes the work certain in kind and quantity, and brings with it more or less society and amusement. It is this movement which makes so many girls miserable in farm-houses, and fills the cities with sewing girls and shop-girls, and it is all but overwhelming. It makes little or no noise, has no 'organs,' holds no meetings, and pays no lecturers; but it has an amount of pristine human nature at its back which gives it a literally appalling strength. It is curious to see, too, how widely different views of life its promoters take from those current among the woman's suffrage advocates. That 'independence' which the friends of 'the cause' are constantly clamoring for, the vast body of working women thoroughly detest and abhor. They take views of marriage, and of the ends of marriage, old-fashioned enough to satisfy Abraham himself; that is to say, they look on marriage as a profession, and a very delightful one, too, which every one of them wants to enter at the earliest possible moment. The inequality in the laws relating to the property of married women have no terrors for them; and so far from regarding man as a possible 'tyrant,' and treating with him, as the lawyers say, at arm's length, they are only too ready to surrender their liberty to him, merge their existence in his, and become his 'slave,' in return for a living and a home, and the chance of having one or two children. From these women, schemes for raising women above the necessity of marriage receive no sort of countenance. They are really independent or self-dependent, they say, and know what a miserable condition it is; while the ladies who paint its delights on the platform or in the columns of the 'organs' generally do not know what it is, and have not worked friendless for a living, and therefore do not know what they are talking about, and ought not to be listened to.

The second movement is designated in a rough way as the Woman's Rights movement. This has for its object, nominally, not only the admission of women to the electoral franchise, but their admission on equal terms with men to all employments and occupations. It so happens, however, that the women most prominently engaged in it make no secret of their contempt for all the harder and more obscure modes of earning a livelihood, and particularly for those which have hitherto been mainly or exclusively confined to women. They treat housekeeping, including cooking, dusting, sweeping, dressmaking, washing, and baby-tending with undisguised scorn, as unworthy the powers of the ideal woman whose cause they plead. Needlework, too, they hold in low repute. The callings which they exalt both by their teaching and example are those which are either carried on in public, and are attended with more or less excitement, or which offer the chance of earning money without much labor of the hands. They encourage women to be brokers, lawyers, ministers, lecturers, editors, doctors, and professors, as not only the best means of asserting their outward equality, but of demonstrating the great capacity of the female mind. The general result of the agitation has been, therefore, to strengthen and diffuse the repugnance to steady, and what some economists would call productive, industry which has been for some time gaining ground among the youth of both sexes. The young men from the country do not want to work on the farm, or enter a work-

shop and learn a trade, if they can possibly get a clerkship or engage in some kind of speculation. The young women do not want to wash, or cook, or milk, or make butter, or raise flowers, or fruit, or vegetables, or engage in any employment that hardens the hands and requires stooping, as long as there is a chance of sewing to do, or, better still, of lecturing, or writing for magazines, or marrying. Both sexes are laboring might and main, in short, to shift the rough, hard work of the world on some one else, and the attempt has, to a certain extent, succeeded in this country, owing to the constant supply of coarse labor from Europe ready to undertake it. But it is quite plain we are nearly reaching the limits of the possible in this direction.

'Third parties' are rarely successful, and yet, unless the signs of the times are very deceptive, there is room for one, and urgent need for one, in that thorny field of sociological speculation known as Woman's Condition. It is becoming plainer every day that it is an immense misfortune that it should have been taken hold of in this country by agitators out of work, and who have agitated so long, and love agitation so much, that agitation has come to seem in their eyes the principal business of life. Their influence on women, so far as it has gone, has been to make obscure toil—that is, the toil to which the great mass of mankind must always be condemned, and in which the bulk of our duties must always lie—more and more distasteful. So far from checking the tendency amongst the women who do not care anything about their suffrage doctrines to crowd into the towns in search of a shabby-genteel living, they have, so far as their influence has gone, fostered it. The model woman whom they hold up before the country-girl's eyes is the young girl who, feeling herself too good for handwork, takes to the stump for a living, and, by dint of burning eloquence, makes ten thousand dollars a year, and perorates in black velvet and a gold chain; or the other young woman, with ringlets and a sailor's hat, who, having deft fingers, learns to ply the reporter's pencil with faultless skill, and passes a distinguished and honored existence rushing about the country, taking down the speeches of female orators, and describing their dresses; or, better still, the woman's rights agitator herself, who attends four conventions a month, travels ten thousand miles, and 'corners' eight members of Congress, and reduces three twaddling ministers, and an old fogey of a judge, and a flippant male editor, to appalled silence during the winter campaign. There is no woman engaged in the achievement of these triumphs whose history contains anything which need make any American girl despair of imitating her. Some of the successful public women—if we may use the term—it is true, have had something like an education; but, then, others who earn as much money as any of them have had no education at all. Some have had a social training, but, then, others who have had none succeed just as well as any. Some have characters spotless as the driven snow, but others lost their characters long ago, and nevertheless figure as prominently and are as popular on the platform as the purest. In short, no girl, not absolutely deformed, who watches their performances and listens to their talk, no matter what her condition in life, need despair of imitating them, and as long as there is a possibility of imitating them the labor of the hands and of the back becomes daily harder to a girl of real ambition. Anybody who desires to win the hearts of the women of the country for productive industry will therefore find plenty to do, and will prove one of the greatest benefactors both sexes have ever had.

Correspondence.

THE LEE PEDIGREE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 12, Mr. E. C. Mead replies to certain criticisms on his published genealogy of the Lee family. Mr. Mead seems to misapprehend somewhat the functions of a critic in calling upon me to construct as well as tear down. He publishes a pedigree, with the presumed proofs, and when I allege that these are insufficient, he demands to be furnished with his right line of ancestry. However, if I can aid him I will waive the question of duty, and will try to do so.

Stripped of all unnecessary matters, it seems that Mr. Mead found among his family papers a pedigree copied in 1750 by the officials of Heralds' College. I presume it to be an extract from the Heralds' 'Visitation of London,' in 1664, as the different lines are brought down to 1663. There is no evidence that I can see connecting this document with any Virginian. It is an office copy, such as can be procured to-day by any one

who pays the usual fee. Mr. Mead refers me, however, to page 51 of his book, where I read, as I had before, that William Lee of London, great-grandson of the emigrant, in 1771 wrote to Dr. Lee, of Winchester College, and claimed relationship. Mr. William Lee, indeed, says that his father had corresponded with Dr. Lee's father, and that they had agreed upon a common ancestry, being that of the Lees of Cotton.

This is all the evidence that I find of this affiliation, and I must repeat that, taken alone, it is insufficient. There is no proof that either of the gentlemen was versed in genealogy or competent to give an opinion entitled to weight. I would ask Mr. Mead if he imagines that any property or title could pass on such evidence? The tabular pedigree simply says that a Launcelot Lee of Cotton had six sons and four daughters; that the third son, Richard, was of the parish of St. Olave's, in the borough of Southwark, in 1663, and that he had a wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Langdon. But, as Mr. Mead shows, in 1663 Richard Lee, the emigrant, made his will, mentioning his wife Anna and eight children. Every one of these items makes it the more difficult to believe that these two Richards were the same person. Mr. Mead, seeing the difficulty, imagines that the emigrant had two wives; but this is a gratuitous supposition.

Here, indeed, I might rest the case, on the ground that there was no evidence to prove the identity of Colonel Richard Lee of Virginia with Richard Lee of Southwark. The case is, however, much stronger. Colonel Richard Lee, in his will, calls himself 'of Virginia, and lately of Stratford-Langton, in the County of Essex.' Now, we should naturally ask, was there any family of the name at Stratford-Langton? The answer is in the affirmative. As I wrote in my last communication, Sir Robert Lee, father of the first Baronet of the Quarrendon Lees, was buried at Stratford-Langton in 1616. The emigrant named his plantation Stratford, and his son, Richard Lee, jr., called his plantation Ditchley. The latter name was that of the family seat of the baronets.

I have said that there is hardly a doubt that the emigrant was a younger brother of Sir Henry Lee of Quarrendon, Bart. I do not assume that he was, although the circumstantial evidence is so strong, because to prove the fact satisfactorily would require an examination of parish registers and wills in England. As, contrary to Mr. Mead's suggestion, I have not brought forward a new pedigree to 'flatter the pride of some distant cousin of the family,' and as I have not the honor to be connected with any branch of any family of Lee, I respectfully decline to bear the expense of such a search in England. I have no doubt, however, that such investigations would prove the affiliation I have suggested, and the reviewer in the *Herald and Genealogist* considers the point as settled. I will add, that if the connection be proved, Mr. Mead will find a good account of the main stem of the Lees of Quarrendon in the third volume of the *Herald and Genealogist* already cited.

One little point may be noted. The tombstone of Richard Lee, jr., says that he 'was descended from an ancient family of Merton Regis, Shropshire.' Now, the Lees of Quarrendon are an offshoot of the Lees of Lee Hall, Shropshire. As I cannot find Merton Regis in Clarke's large *British Gazetteer*, I see no reason to suppose that this evidence favors the Cotton ancestry rather than the Lee Hall origin.

I do not understand Mr. Mead's allusion to the fact that 'another Richard Lee, of the house of Litchfield,' came to Virginia in 1641. Surely the will printed in his book is that of the emigrant ancestor of the Virginian family. William Lee, of London, writes, in 1771 (see p. 66), that the first Richard Lee, his great-grandfather, went there 'one hundred and thirty years ago to this very day,' i.e., 1641. Surely Mr. Mead does not mean to suggest that there were two emigrants of the name recorded in his book.

The dispute between Mr. Mead and myself seems to be narrowed to this point. I take the will of the emigrant, which says that he was from Stratford-Langton. I show that there was a family of the name there, including a Richard, contemporary with the emigrant, and that the names of the family seats were revived in Virginia. These facts seem to make a strong presumption that the emigrant belonged to the Lees of Quarrendon.

Mr. Mead finds that, in 1771, Mr. William Lee had an idea that he belonged to another family of Lees. He also finds that there was a Richard in that family, but the few facts recorded about him are directly at variance with any identification with the emigrant. The family may prefer the opinion of the 'eminent ancestry' quoted, but genealogists will prefer more tangible proofs.

I have already denied any responsibility on my part to reconstruct the Lee pedigree. Mr. Mead published a book to show that Richard Lee

was the son of Launcelot Lee. I submit that he has not given a scintilla of evidence of the fact, but I am not bound to furnish the aforesaid Richard with lawful progenitors. Still, regarding this pedigree as typical, I have done what I could to aid any of the family in tracing its origin.

W. H. W.

[We have made up our minds that the Virginia Lees are descendants of the Lees of Quarrendon, and we shall not permit this theory to be impugned in our columns any more by anybody, no matter what his ancestry may be.—ED. NATION.]

GAMBETTA'S AUTOCRACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your able article of the 12th of January, entitled 'The French Resistance,' it seems to me that through love of legal forms you miss the strong point of the French case. Gambetta's authority is no doubt, as M. Guizot says, technically illegal. Yet, after all, when we look for things rather than words, what better title could Gambetta have than the purely voluntary obedience paid him throughout so large a portion of France—everywhere, in fact, where Prussian troops are not present—while even from down-trodden Alsace and Lorraine every possible response is made to his call?

This matter is so ably treated in the London *Spectator* of the 24th of December (which you have no doubt seen) that I need not enlarge upon it. As an American, however, I cannot forbear urging that we warmly sympathized in the woes of Venice, and thought Italy fully justified in all her efforts to free Venice from the Austrian yoke. Is France less justifiable in struggling to prevent Alsace and Lorraine from being subjected to a similar tyranny? Does the fact that the French are fighting at great odds and under great disadvantages make their cause less noble?

Surely we have not already forgotten through how many defeats our own army of the Potomac fought its way to victory. To my thinking, the devotion and patriotism now displayed by the French are worthy of the highest praise—quite as high as we should merit were the United States, for example, with New England overrun, and New York besieged, and the Southern States again in rebellion, still grimly fighting on, rather than make shameful peace by the cession of Maine. But my letter is already too long. I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

DEVON.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, January 14, 1871.

[1. The obedience paid to Gambetta is not voluntary; he is obeyed because there is nobody else to obey, and somebody must be obeyed in all civilized countries. Appointment by a national parliament is a better title than Gambetta's, and the only good one we know of.

2. The London *Spectator* has been thrown off its balance, as it has often been before, by the picturesqueness of Gambetta's performances. It sometimes forgives everything to a man who gets up a good tableau, and Gambetta has got up an admirable one—young lawyer, black beard, dark eyes, high boots, fur coat, absolute power, tremendous will, generals tremble before him, armies rise at his stamp, Junkerdom appalled by terrible civilian, and so on. It is magnificent, but it is not government.

3. France did not go to war to save Alsace and Lorraine. She went to war to rob and devastate Germany, and has used Alsace and Lorraine for a century and a half as a rendezvous and refuge when setting out on similar expeditions. We are not in favor of the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, but Frenchmen are estopped from crying out against it. There is no sort of resemblance between their case and that of the Italians. When men gamble, they must not wail because they lose the stakes.

4. The Army of the Potomac suffered no such defeats, or anything like such defeats, as the French army has suffered, and was opposed to no such enemy, and, in fact, to detect any resemblance between the condition of the North at any period of the late war and that of France now, requires an imagination which we confess ourselves incompetent to criticise.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE first number of a new quarterly, the *Photographer's Friend*, is issued in Baltimore, and the publication seems calculated to be practically

useful to the class named in its title. We do not know how much competition it has to meet in this country, but believe it is not the first of its kind. Like the foreign photographic journals, it gives a specimen of the art with each number—in this instance, a striking character-portrait, by Sarony, of Mrs. Scott Siddons, as Mary Queen of Scots. The literary execution of the *Photographer's Friend* is certainly not of the highest order.

—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, having disposed of four editions of Professor Pumpelly's 'Across America and Asia,' are about to publish a fifth and cheaper one, which, however, will be unabridged in every respect, including maps and illustrations. They have also nearly ready a cheaper edition of Taine's 'Italy,' making one volume out of two, but without abbreviation of the contents; and hope to publish before the summer the same author's 'English Literature.'—The American Tract Society of Boston has just completed an arrangement by which it transfers to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton the manufacture and sale of its large stock of publications, as well as the printing of its two newspapers. This we understand to be a purely economical proceeding, and not to indicate a winding up of the Society either as regards its collections or fresh publications. In effect, the Society leases its plates, for a royalty, to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who will maintain a principal depository in Boston, keep also a stock at their bookstore in Astor Place, and supply the trade either from the Riverside Press at Cambridge or from this city.

—We were not a little surprised to meet with this sentence in the seventh article of a series of criticisms on Richard Grant White's 'Words and their Uses,' by a Yale professor, published in the *College Courier* (Jan. 7): '—when, far worse than this, a paper of the character of the *Nation* can, on the authority of it [viz., 'Words and their Uses'], introduce into its columns such a formation as *presidential*, assuredly it is full time,' etc. But it happens that we were particularly offended by Mr. White's dictum in regard to the excellent word 'presidential,' and expressed ourselves quite plainly on page 351 of Vol. VII. (Oct. 29, 1868), as follows:

We usually allow Mr. R. G. White to talk without interruption when he takes people to task for their errors of speech, and, perhaps, do not give him too much attention. The vulgarisms that cause him such grief we, we desire to thank heaven, are entirely free from. But as he was laying down the law the other day in the *Galaxy*, on 'Words and their Uses,' he seems to have hit out right and left in a way which has brought him into contact with ourselves among others. It is to be hoped, as we believe we have once before remarked, that Mr. White is well learned in philological knowledge, for he is abundantly peremptory in all that he says, although, to be sure, he escapes the pertness and laborious dullness and triviality of the Moons and the Goulds. But to the matter in hand. Mr. White wants people to say 'presidential' instead of 'presidential.' Now, as this is a word that we shall have to keep on using for more years than we can say, we should be obliged if Mr. White would inform us and the audience which he instructs what he does with 'tangential,' and what vestige of authority he has for what he says, and why he reasons from analogy as regards English orthography, and why he finds fault with so good a metaphor as calling a 'cavass' a 'campaign,' and what 'blatant Americanism' there is in a word so long known to English on both sides of the water as 'presidential'?

It only remains for us to beg the writer in the *Courant* to take an early opportunity of showing when the *Nation* has ever used (except to condemn it) the word 'presidential' and referred to Mr. White's book as its authority for so doing; and if he can point out an instance of the former, we shall be justified, we imagine, in the light of the above extract, in laying the occurrence of the odious form to a printer's error.

—The mention of Mr. Moon may properly be followed by a notice of the death of his antagonist, the Rev. Henry Alford, whose 'Queen's English' called out the 'Dean's English,' and a debate in which a considerable strain was put upon clerical urbanity, but without breaking it down. This verbal controversy, however, occupies a small place in the Dean's public career. His first ventures in literature were poetical, but he was still young when in 1841 he published the first volume of his critical Greek Testament, on which his fame and his usefulness as a theologian chiefly rest. This work was twenty years in passing through various editions under his hands, and in the meantime, in 1857, Palmerston had appointed him Dean of Canterbury. His latest service to letters was as editor of the *Contemporary Review*.

—The first annual report of the present national Commissioner of Education, General Eaton, consists of a general survey of the work of the Bureau during the past year, and of the topics treated of in the papers which accompany the report in the form of an appendix. These last are the work of many hands—on Kindergarten Culture, by Miss Peabody, on Hebrew Education, by J. J. Noah, on the Chinese Migration, by Prof. Day,

on Illiteracy in the United States, by Dr. Edwin Leigh, etc. The chief labor of the Bureau has been in making abstracts of the school reports of every State, and in preparing twenty tables of general school statistics of the United States; and this it seems to us to have accomplished with judgment, industry, and despatch. It gives us for the first time a comparative exhibit of all the educational institutions and machinery in the country, and leads the way to a uniformity of statistics for which hitherto, however desirable, there has been no motive on the part of the various school boards and superintendents. As this report is valuable chiefly to them, though not without interest to others, we shall expect to see them voluntarily combine upon a schedule which the Bureau lacks the authority to impose, and then take care that it be punctually and exactly filled and rendered to the Commissioner. For the rest, the report embraces many subjects comprehended under education in its broadest sense, such as institutions for the infirm, including inebriates, Young Men's Christian Associations, prison discipline, the relations of education to labor and to crime, and many similar. Mr. Leigh's 'Views' of illiteracy are perhaps as remarkable as any portion of the report, though they do not appear for the first time, and have been somewhat injured by disarrangement. They endeavor to express to the eye the total of illiteracy in the United States, as reported by the censuses of 1840, 1850, and 1860, and the relative proportions in each State. This is done by using black dots representing a thousand persons each, and ingeniously varied to show the foreign and the native quota of ignorance, the comparative ignorance of men and women, and other important data. The result is certainly startling, and we shall look with interest for the supplementary 'Views' prepared from the census of 1870.

—The Catholic Publication Society has lately paid a tribute to the 'child's paper' propagandism of the Protestant societies. It now publishes the *Young Catholic*, which is first intended, we presume, to hold the young to the true faith against the many influences which in this country make the third generation of Irish Catholics either Protestant or indifferent; and next to seduce whom it may from the youth of any sect. The Jews, apparently, feel a like need of self-defence. We have received the first number of a monthly magazine called *Young Israel*, whose being is accounted for in the prospectus by the fact that 'all the periodicals for the youth published in this country—and we know of no exception—betray a more or less telling Trinitarian savor, which is quite incompatible with the religious ideas imparted to the Hebrew offspring by their parents and teachers.' The English of this passage is, it will be noticed, not quite perfect, the editors being Germans; and the English of the articles which make up the body of the magazine likewise have something to be desired. The contents, nevertheless, of this first number are well selected. 'My Raven' is a very humorous tale of a mischievous bird; there is a skilful translation of a poem by Rückert, considering that English is not the native idiom of the translator; a translation from the Florence *Opinione* of the history of the second and distressing Mortara case lately disclosed at Rome; an account (to be continued) of 'The First Jews on American Soil'; and a dialogue, 'Five Months' Absence from France,' in which the stupendous overthrow of that country is forcibly brought out as if communicated to a shipwrecked mariner on the coast of Normandy. We apprehend that the readers of *Young Israel* will get their full share of amusement, and more learned instruction than falls to subscribers to 'Trinitarian' magazines for boys and girls.

—The general reader of the European war bulletins no doubt considers each new name of city or town that calls for pronunciation and remembrance one of the burdens which all wars inflict upon neutrals. And it is even worse if the name is not new, though designating a new place; and one must keep in mind that *Bar-sur-Seine* is not identical with *Bar-sur-Aube*, and *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre* different from *La Ferté Gaucher* or *La Ferté St. Aubin*, that there are two *Nogents* on different rivers within the radius of hostilities about Paris; and so on indefinitely. Geography acquired in this way certainly has its disadvantages, and it needs a mind of a peculiar quality to delight in all this nomenclature as furnishing a basis for philosophic induction. If such a mind exists, one might predict it would be German, and in fact there is a Dr. J. J. Egli for whom a Leipzig house (Friedrich Brandstetter) is publishing 'Nomina Geographica,' or 'An Attempt at a Universal Geographic Onomatology.' The author explains his purpose to be to establish the various points of view from which all peoples in all ages have proceeded in applying geographical names. Accordingly, he divides his work into two parts—a lexicon and a treatise. The first contains a full alphabetical list of names in all languages, etymologically treated in such a way as both to

reveal their meaning and the motive, in each case, for bestowing them. The great majority of the upwards of 17,000 names thus discussed are referable to discoverers whose original works of travel offer authentic information concerning them. The treatise, using the foregoing material as a groundwork, arrives at such general conclusions as seem justifiable, one being that the geographical nomenclature of every people has a close causal relation to the degree as well as to the direction of its civilization.

—How Dr. Egli deals with the wonderful list of names in our post-office directory, we are not able to state, though it might easily afford him one of his most entertaining and instructive chapters. An American would shrink from the task, which indeed should be properly performed by many hands, the Indian nomenclature being of itself sufficient to engage several. Then, too, we are but just beginning to have printed records of the naming of the country west of the Alleghanies, while the East still offers problems that cannot be solved by books. We believe it is nowhere told in print how the little suburb of Northampton, Mass., which gives its name to the sewing-machine manufactured there, came to be called Florence, after having for ten years or more been one of the innumerable *villes* in honor of a leading citizen. One of the other industries of the place, to which a tributary of the Connecticut furnishes a copious water-power, is the conversion of raw into sewing silk, and though the article is good, perhaps as good as the foreign-made, it used to encounter a prejudice in favor of the latter. Protection in some shape was evidently needed to promote its sale, and the means adopted in many trades, such as the cigar-maker's and the hatter's, of imitating the foreign label, was here resorted to. This done, the New England conscience perhaps came in; at all events, to make the Italian profession on the label nominally in accord with the fact, the village was rechristened Florence, and is so known to this day. We offer this example—unique, so far as we know—to Dr. Egli, leaving him to determine its psychological value.

BRET HARTE'S POEMS.*

In this volume Mr. Harte has collected not all but most of his pieces in verse, and all we think that have any claim to remembrance. Not that all of the poems that are in this volume have any good claim to remembrance, and would not have been better omitted. Almost all of the serious poems are of a kind not materially different from the pieces which appear in such numbers in the magazines. Sometimes, for instance, they are imitative to a degree which, to say nothing of its often lowering the reader's estimate of the author, is apt to interfere with the reader's pleasure. Why this latter should be an effect of imitativeness, it might not be easy to say. Why, for example, should it displease us that Mr. Harte writes a very pretty little poem, 'The Angelus,' in very successful imitation of Mr. Longfellow—an imitation which is not mere surface imitation, but as if Mr. Harte had, for the moment, been Mr. Longfellow himself, and Mr. Longfellow by no means at his worst? We should have been glad to have had it from Mr. Longfellow; no doubt we should have enjoyed it thoroughly had it come upon us anonymously, and been taken by us for Mr. Longfellow's work. Yet, as Mr. Harte's, it displeases. Perhaps it is because we resent it that a man has discovered how we are to be moved, and deliberately sets about showing that he knows the trick, and proceeds to give an example of how, by way of amusing himself, and without giving himself the trouble of being himself at his best, he can exercise this power over us. Whatever the reason, imitative poetry, when it is very good, has this effect of offending; and always when it is not good, and often when it is good, it tends to lower the author in the reader's estimation. The cause of this latter effect it is easy to perceive—the man is weak who allows another to dominate him. Besides this fault, some of the serious poems would seem to show the author somewhat of a sentimentalist, and the very name of the magazine poet is sentimentalist. Thus, in 'San Francisco from the Sea,' we have a little of that common complaining of the minor poet as to the asphyxiating effect upon the poetic lungs of the materialistic and vulgar surroundings amid which fate has compelled his susceptible nature to get its development. Of course Mr. Harte is too clever a man to be fatally given over to the Laura-Matilda view of the poet's needs; but he is—or, rather, let us say that he was, and that he no longer is—a little inclined towards it.

Good, among the serious pieces, and above any but the highest magazine level, is 'The Reveille.' And good, in a somewhat too pretty way, perhaps, is 'Relieving Guard'; though this is hurt by the memory which it recalls of an exquisitely pretty passage in Longfellow's 'Hyperion,' where

* Poems, by Bret Harte. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1871.

when 'sweet Emma of Ilmenau' begins her misfortunes, a star falls out of the evening heaven. As being, on the whole, a fair specimen of Mr. Harte's abilities as a serious poet working after the usual methods, we quote this 'Relieving Guard.' It is prefaced by these initials and words: 'S. T. K. Obit March 4, 1864.'

"Came the Relief. "What, Sentry, ho!
How passed the night through thy long waking?"
"Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon Western sky, about
An hour ago, a Star was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somewhat it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Of the jocose poems, too, there are a number that one would have thought their author would leave out of this volume—the second, we believe, in which they have appeared. What, for example, is there worthy of preservation in this very cheap fare? A 'Geological Madrigal' is the title of it:

"You wished—I remember it well,
And I loved you the more for that wish—
For a perfect cystodian shell
And a whole holoccephalic fish.
And O, if Earth's strata contains,
In its lowest Silurian drift,
Or Paleozoic remains
The same,—'tis your lover's free gift."

Both the wit and the grammar might well have been dispensed with, as fitter for once appearing in a newspaper than for any other publishing. And pretty much the same thing, barring the remark about the grammar, might be said of the 'Tale of a Pony,' and which is in J. G. Saxe's worst style, being farcical in wit and vulgar in two senses of that word; of 'The Ballad of the Emeu,' and of all the parodies. 'Twenty Years,' 'The Return of Belisarius,'—after Præd; 'Her Letter'—a pleasant mixture of Præd and the mining dialect of Poverty Flat; and 'Grizzly,' may, we suppose, well be kept; though it is in 'Her Letter' alone that we get away from other poets and get a glimpse of that field which Mr. Harte has made his own, and in which he has displayed true and original strength. 'What the Engines Said,' also, is Mr. Harte's own, and, if not very good, it is at least the best of all the oceans of writing that the Pacific Railroad has called into being—this triumph of the age, like another triumph of the age, the Suez Canal, and still another, the Atlantic telegraph, and, in fact, like all great triumphs of the age, having not been productive of much good writing in verse; and, indeed, one might lay it down as generally true, even of the moral triumphs of the various ages, that they are not celebrated in very worthy song at any time very near their achievement.

This by the way, however. Where our author really deserves hearty praise is in his 'Poems in Dialect.' They are less often poems, strictly so-called, than humorous character-pieces illustrative of the wild life and the strange personages of the early Californian days. In some of these pieces—as in that which treats of the 'heathen Chinese,' and of the sudden revulsion of feeling in the breast of Mr. Nye when he finds that the Chinese who was to be cheated is not altogether guileless, but can himself violate the moral law with a skill, effect, and sinfulness sickening to Mr. Nye's Caucasian moral sense; and of the instant discovery and assertion by Mr. Nye of the politico-economical truth that 'we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;' and of the promptness and thoroughness with which he vindicates the moral and the economical law—in this and some of the other pieces, Mr. Harte not only jumps luckily with the popular thought and feeling of the moment, but proves himself a satirist with a keen eye, and a humorist with a light and sure hand, and a fine power of expression. Perhaps it is in this piece that he gives most unequivocal evidence of an ability to accomplish more than he has yet accomplished. The skilful presentation of personages with dialectic oddities—with what ought to be called dialectic oddities of thought, manner, and experience, as well as of phraseology—is a good thing to do, and one not too easy to do, but still is a thing so often done well, and so often done well by writers who cannot think, and who have only a species of mimetic skill, that it can hardly be taken as giving promise that a writer has more than a capacity for giving momentary pleasure. To be sure, Mr. Harte has the advantage over most of these character-painters in that he gives us his material not in an amorphous mass of prose, but crystallized into short pieces of verse, from which everything is excluded except the personage whom he wishes us to see; and he has the further advantage of dealing with personages who are now very fresh and interesting.

Again, it is usual to find that the mimetic skill of which we speak is united with a considerable degree of power of touching the common sentiments, and united, too, with a fondness for moving them and a habit of doing so which seem to argue sentimentalism in the writer, and make one dubious as to his or her future. Excellent, then, as they are, very touching as some of them are, one is inclined to say of the 'Heathen Chinese' that it gives more certain promise of better things, has more thought, and is on a higher plane of literature, than the extremely skilful, objective, unsentimental 'Chiquita,' or the pieces like 'Cicely,' 'Jim,' and 'In the Tunnel,' where we have an objective handling of the subjects, and of subjects which are pathetic.

We have said so much as to the reasons why, as it seems to us, Mr. Harte's most finished work is not the work of his which is of most promise for his future, that we fear we may have seemed to make scanty acknowledgment of the pleasure they are capable of giving. They legitimately give great pleasure. They show us the Californian of twenty years ago in all his roughness—or, perhaps, not in all his roughness and wildness, but much of it—and in perhaps rather more than all his greatheartedness, and simplicity, and queerness of opinion and feeling and manners; they are skilful in construction, and not in construction alone, but in the conception of the whole and the subordination of the parts, and thus they give a refined pleasure to the purely literary sense, or, perhaps, we should say, to the literary and to the artistic sense, if the two are separable; they are humorous—sometimes, as in 'The Society upon the Stanislaus,' with the extravagance of what is known as 'American humor,' sometimes with rather farcical and cheap humor, as in the latter parts of this same 'Society upon the Stanislaus,' sometimes with the humor which is not American more than it is Hindoo or Spanish, but is of all countries and all ages, and is as far from farce as pathos is, or the voyage of Milton's Satan; they are often touchingly pathetic, as in 'Cicely'; they are often full of good-fellowship, as in 'Jim'; and if this is sometimes overdone, and a little sickly, as in the piece called 'In a Tunnel,' why, the bearing on too hard is of a kind which it is not very difficult to pardon, even while desiring for the author more of self-restraint. In short, we profess ourselves judicious admirers of Mr. Harte—which is to say, in other words, that we admire him a good deal, and are so much believers in him, as his works gradually and progressively reveal him, that we think the extravagant praises of him now current will not prevent his doing better things in the future than any he has yet done.

We might be willing to go as far in expostulation with him as to repeat to him a remark made by a facetious friend of ours on reading 'Jim Bludso,' by 'J. H.,' that if he and his imitators keep on, it will soon be necessary for the reputable members of society to hire somebody to write poetry in their behalf, so that we need not give all our admiration to gamblers, prostitutes, profane swearers, drunkards, murderers, and suicides. Mr. Lowell, in speaking of Hamlet somewhere, says that he was one of those persons who habitually allow the grain of doubt which their supersubtle eyes perceive to outweigh the immensely preponderating weight of affirmative proof. We quote, and quote badly, from memory. Something like this is done when a writer calls on us to give our admiring recognition, and, when we give it, to the grains of goodness in the composition of the scoundrel and evil-liver. It may be doubted if the gain on the side of charity, when we are compelled to applaud the gambler and murderer who commits suicide, that thus there may be one mouth the less in the snow-bound camp, and that he may not assist in the consumption of the food which his starving companions need—it may be doubted if the gain on the side of the charitable judgment of our fellow-men, when we are constrained by the literary skill to admire such an act of such a man, compensates for the loss in other ways. There is little danger, probably, that we shall be too charitable in our judgments of others; but there is always danger of our being too charitable in our judgments of ourselves, and this is a danger which it is the tendency of some of Mr. Harte's writings to increase, and which it would be well for him and many others of our storytellers to consider.

Finding fault with an author who has given one real pleasure is usually a thankless task, and makes one feel as if ungrateful—or rather makes one fear that one seems ungrateful. But most authors, really good, know that often they have in their fault-finding critics their sincerest admirers, and that, after all, the main business of true criticism is to insist upon perfection—perfection as the critic understands it, of course. He generally understands it ill, most authors would say; but then he is always available as an object of pity and contempt.

HOWELLS'S SUBURBAN SKETCHES.*

EXCEPT the little sketch with the somewhat singular title of 'Scene,' all the essays in 'Suburban Sketches' have appeared in recent numbers of the *Atlantic*, of which magazine Mr. Howells is the working editor. The people are the fewer, then, among such as our words can reach, to whom we should be bringing anything like news if we were to say that in the author of 'My Doorstep Acquaintance,' and 'Mrs. Johnson,' and 'By Horse-Car to Boston,' we possess a humorist who, in virtue of the genuineness of his gift, would be admitted by their own suffrages to a secure place among the best humorists who have at any time written in our tongue. The verdict of the contemporary and general public might be different—humorists, like other people, being, as a rule, esteemed by the mass of their contemporaries not for that in them which is essential, but for various incidental things. Fielding, for example, or Cervantes, his own generation would best know as a story-teller; and it would be as a story-teller, or as a finished writer, or as a satirist, that his own generation would best like him. The characteristic and distinctive strength of the humorist is in his disposition, his way of looking at things; and the general public can perceive and understand the things which he says far better than it can understand and appreciate his mode of saying them. For his real public he commonly has to wait until his books, as books merely, have declined from their first importance. Mr. Howells's humorous publications have not been numerous enough nor alloyed enough to attract widespread attention; but, nevertheless, of their remarkable fineness of quality there can be no intelligent doubt. He is, in fact, all but unique in unadulterated fineness of quality.

Coleridge, who did so many things so well, did hardly anything better of its kind than the little which he did in lexicography—his discriminative definitions of various terms expressive of distinctions which the literary critic must bear in mind being almost always perspicacious and exceedingly helpful. Thus, for instance, it is recorded in his 'Table Talk' that, speaking of one of the many poems which he had projected—or, rather, one of the many poems which so often while he was talking used to flash suddenly across his vision as possibilities of poems—he made this remark, serviceable to our present purpose: 'My devil was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite.' With this as a key one might, by the way, come to a comprehension of that saying of Mephistopheles—that of all lost spirits the Almighty likes best the spirit who scoffs—as being eternally in full consciousness of the infinite, and of the finiteness of his own scoffing.

For the unalloyed pureness of this essentially humoristic disposition—the disposition which plays with the world; which finds as much of travel in a horse-car ride through Cambridgeport as in the voyage to Venice and the gondolas; which looks on somewhat quizzically while all kinds of good people get very much in earnest about all sorts of 'causes' and 'movements'; which chronicles with amused gravity the rascality or simplicity, or self-importance, or stupidity, or impudence of the Irish housemaid, or the negro cook, or the begging impostor; which is as much amused and as censorious over its own faults, and shortcomings, and weaknesses as over those of Patrick, or Dinah, or Napoleon III., or the Gratz Brown party in Missouri, and no more so; which, in short, good-humoredly collates 'great things with small,' and has for a background against which to show its work the infinite of the unintelligibility of the universe, and the probable infinite tolerance towards man of the intelligence behind this inscrutable frame of things—for the unalloyed pureness of this humoristic spirit, it would be hard to find anywhere in the annals of our literature a humorist, however great, who would not, we should say, give Mr. Howells most cordial welcome to his company, and who would not admit him to be of the true strain.

The humoristic spirit is not everything in the literary production of humorists; indeed, a man may have it in, we suppose, the very highest degree—he may certainly have it in a very high degree—and never put pen to paper or utter a phrase that goes into print. It is, as we have said, not so much a thing to be seen as a certain way of looking at things; the attitude of the man towards the world which surrounds him. It is rare that the literary humorist is not about as well to be first described by some other name; and it is not often that the second name is not almost as truly descriptive as the first. Thackeray, to cull a name or two, is novelist and satirist almost as much as he is humorist; Rabelais begins with rollicking humor, but he ends with blunt, bitter satire; Swift is as much

fighting man as humorist; Addison moralizes; Lamb turns critic; Dickens, humanitarian—of most of them the world with which they were to play somehow or other gets the better, and they serve this or that of its uses instead of keeping it subservient to them.

We have by this time probably persuaded some of our readers that this delightful ease which distinguishes Mr. Howells's pages he obtains at the cost of sacrificing every quality that ennobles and adorns the human mind and heart. Perhaps we have dwelt too long on the fact that he is primarily a humorist, and have left too much out of view the subject-matter with which he occupies himself. This cannot be said to have great intrinsic interest, and much, if not most, of the reader's pleasure comes not from the acquaintance which he makes with Mrs. Johnson, the negro cook, and the Delaware veteran, and the Italian estrays, and the streets and byways of Charlesbridge, and the musical carpenter who advocates woman suffrage, but from the subtlety of perception and delicacy of sentiment which are brought to the humorous treatment of these things and persons. Yet there is hardly any of the subject-matter which would not seem to have been chosen because of its capacity for being so treated as to call out only kind and generous feelings. At all events, it is so treated of, except in one or two places where there is excited a kind of dim, remote righteous indignation—a tribute exacted of writer and reader by the moral laws; but much like the 'heat lightning' of summer evenings so far as regards accompanying noise and blasting effects.

HEINE'S LAST WRITINGS.*

THIS volume, prepared, although the title-page does not say so, by Adolf Strodtmann, will be cordially welcomed by the many readers of Heine in this country. About one-half of it consists of poems written at different times in the poet's life, and which, although never printed in the works he had prepared for publication, yet escaped destruction when, shortly before his death, he re-examined his manuscript writings, condemned all which he was unwilling to own, and spared those which he was not unwilling should appear in a volume of his posthumous works. Some, like 'Die ungetreue Luise' and 'Kitty,' are of the same pathetic kind that we know so well in his already published poems; others, again, are even more cynical and bitter than almost any of those which he himself published. The saddest of all are the latest, 'Zam Lazarus,' as they are called. The first of these is particularly impressive. The following prose translation but feebly represents the simplicity and pathos of the original:

'There is whirling through my brain a flood of forests, mountains, and meadows. Out of the mad medley finally arises a picture with distinct outlines. The town, I think, is Godesberg. There am I, sitting again under the linden, before the inn. My throat is dry, as if I had swallowed the setting sun. "Here, landlord, a bottle of your best wine!" The delicious grape-juice flows into my soul, and extinguishes the blazing sun in my throat. "Another bottle, landlord. I drank the first in disgraceful absence of mind, without due reverence. My noble wine, I crave your pardon." I was looking up to the Drachenfels, which, romantically lit up by the evening red, is reflected with its castle ruins in the Rhine. I was listening to the distant song of the grape-gatherer and the pert chirping of the finches. I drank carelessly, and thought not of my wine while drinking. But now I, for the first time, hold the glass to my nose, and first look at the wine. Often, too, I swallow it without looking. But, strange! as I swallow it, it seems to me as if I were doubled—another poor drinker is here, close beside me. Ah! so sick and wretched he looks—so pale and wan. He turns his eyes upon me contemptuously, at which I am annoyed. The fellow says that he is myself—that I am he; we two, he says, are only one; that we are one poor creature racked with fever; that we are not in the tavern at Godesberg, but in a sick-room, in far-off Paris. "You lie, you pallid wretch, you lie! I am red and vigorous as a blooming rose. I am strong, too; take care that I don't get angry!" He shrugs his shoulders, and sighs, "O fool!" That rouses my wrath, and I at last get to beating this damned second self of mine. But, strange! every blow I deal him, villain, I feel on my own body, and I give myself many a bruise. With all this fighting my mouth is dry again, and I try to cry out to the landlord for more wine, but the words stick in my throat. My senses reel, and dreamily I hear some one talking of cataplasms and of the mixture—a table spoonful and twelve drops each hour.'

'Die Menge that es' is an excellent example of Heine's satire. 'Bimini' reminds of many of the Romancers. It describes Don Juan Ponce de Leon's search for the fountain of youth, and has all the wit and descriptive power which give these semi-lyrical, semi-dramatic poems of Heine's such power and charm. We are sorry, however glad he might be, that it is too long for us to attempt a translation.

The second half of the volume contains 'Thoughts,' arranged by the compiler under various heads, as 'Personal,' 'Religion,' 'Philosophy,' and

* 'Suburban Sketches. By W. D. Howells.' New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1871.

* 'Letzte Gedichte und Gedanken von Heinrich Heine.' ('Last Poems and Thoughts of Heinrich Heine.') Hamburg: 1870.

so forth. Then follow later additions to writings published long ago—additions which we hope to see incorporated into the next editions; and, finally, we have his correspondence with his wife during two visits to Germany, in the years 1843 and 1844. The 'Thoughts' are, as was to have been expected, very often both witty and acute. One of the first is this:

'I have a most amiable disposition. My wishes are as follows: A modest cot, with a thatched roof, but with a good bed, good food, the milk and butter both very fresh, flowers before my windows, and a few handsome trees before the door. And if Providence wishes to make me perfectly happy, it will allow me to experience the pleasure of having some six or seven of my enemies hung on these same handsome trees. With a heart moved to deep emotion, I shall pardon them before their death all the wrong they have done me in their lives. Yes, one should forgive his enemies—but not before they are hanged.'

'I am not vindictive,' he says in another place. 'I would gladly love my enemies, but I cannot love them before I have avenged myself upon them. It is not until then that one's heart opens towards them. So long as one has not thoroughly avenged one's self, there is a certain touch of bitterness in the heart.'

A third is this: 'The earth is the great rock on which man, the real Prometheus, is chained, and where he is torn by the vulture of doubt. He has stolen light, and for that he now suffers martyrdom.'

And here is something kind about M. Villemain: 'Buffon says, "the style is the man." Villemain is a living contradiction of this axiom. His style is elegant, graceful, and neat.' Heine's admiration of Napoleon shows itself in this jeer at the crowned heads, at whom he was never tired of jeering: 'No one seems to know the reason why our princes live to be so old. They are afraid to die; they are afraid they are going to meet Napoleon in the other world.'

This is an ingenious insult: 'I read in the stupid book; fell asleep over it; dreamt that I went on reading it—and awoke from fatigue. This I did three times.' There are other things, as brief phrases, which bear the unmistakable mark of Heine's mint. 'Er sprudelte von Dummheit'—he sparkled with dulness—which reminds one of Sidney Smith's remark about Macaulay's 'brilliant flashes of silence.'

The letters to his wife are interesting, but are hardly pleasant reading. They show, on his part, a morbid jealousy and uneasiness which are almost painful to think of, and, on hers, a dulness far beyond simplicity. He appears to be tormented always by fears of her misconduct during his absence, and his continual appeals to her are really piteous to read. The visits to Germany, during which these letters were written to her in Paris, were, for this cause, productive of little enjoyment to Heine. It was not long after his return that he was seized by the illness which carried him off, but carried him off only after eight years of suffering in what he calls his 'mattress-grave.' During these years, his wife—he had previously made her his mistress—was, at least, whatever her faults, his faithful nurse in a long sickness, perhaps hardly less trying to her than to him.

Historical Selections. A series of readings from the best authorities on English and European history. Selected and arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. (New York: Macmillan & Co. 1868.) *European History*, narrated in a series of historical selections from the best authorities. Edited and arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. II. 1088-1228. (New York: Macmillan & Co. 1870.)—These two volumes, the discrepancies of the title-pages notwithstanding, are intended to form a connected work, or rather parts of a larger collection, the dimensions of which will be determined by the more or less favorable reception accorded its successive issues. The object of the compilers was to enlarge the sphere of historical knowledge, as presented to the young in outlines and abridgments, 'by continuous and chronological selections, taken, as much as was practicable, from the larger works, which it is next to impossible for young people to read at school, and which many may never have the time and opportunity to read in after-life.' And in making the selections they were guided by the idea of imprinting upon the memory and imagination of their readers 'certain definite events and distinct biographies . . . as landmarks, round which other less important incidents may be grouped,' as well as by the desire of presenting specimens of good and attractive English composition. As regards the latter object, the compilation can be said to be very well executed. The selections—from Freeman's 'Norman Conquest,' Roscoe's 'Kings of England,' Lingard's 'England,' Pearson's 'England during the Early and Middle Ages,' Hook's 'Archbishops of Canterbury,' Palgrave's 'History of Normandy,' Knight's 'Normans in Sicily,' Stephen's 'Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography,' Milman's 'Latin

Christianity,' James's 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' Humes's 'England,' T. C. Robertson's 'Becket,' Morrison's 'Saint Bernard,' Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Chancellors,' Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' Creasy's 'English Constitution,' and a few other books—are not only historically instructive but, almost all, pleasant and attractive reading—made the pleasanter by the omission of cumbersome details and passages, and more intelligible by a number of introductory sketches, destined to fill up gaps or to serve as connecting links. On the other hand, the mere titles of the books from which the extracts are taken are sufficient to show how limited the range of this so-called 'European History' is; that, in fact—which a closer examination fully proves—it is almost restricted to the history of England—chiefly in the 11th and 12th centuries—of the Crusades, and of the Papacy, in its struggles with monarchs and heretics. The introductory sketches and the indexes are tolerably well done, but not free from mistakes, especially chronological. Thus we find—and this false date is four times given—that Frederic Barbarossa was drowned in '1189' (instead of in 1190); and we find it in the same paragraph in which we are informed that 'he set out for the Holy Land in the spring of the year 1180,' traversed with his army, Hungary, Bulgaria, Thrace, and landed on the coast of Asia, 'on the Wednesday in Easter week.' '1094,' instead of 1095, is given as the date of the Council of Clermont; and we read in the 'Chronological Index,' '1145—St. Bernard preaches the Second Crusade at Vézelay,' while the corresponding 'Introductory Sketch' speaks, in every way more correctly, of his 'preaching of a new crusade at Vézelay (A.D. 1146).' Errors of this kind, however, are not so numerous as greatly to impair the value of this useful compilation.

Ancient Classics for English Readers: Herodotus. By George C. Swayne, M.A. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—While modern historians have largely occupied themselves in reconstructing events and characters upon a view altogether different from that hitherto received—as in the works of Grote, Niebuhr, Mommsen, Carlyle, and Froude—the 'father of history,' whose name had come to be almost a synonym for the 'father of lies,' has steadily grown in respect for his veracity and accuracy; and the genuine historical spirit that pervades his work has been redeemed from the atmosphere of fable that had surrounded it. This is not owing to any critical defense of Herodotus, but to the general advance in historical criticism and in archaeology which has brought unexpected confirmation to some of his more doubtful statements. Egypt especially has attested the truth of his story, and Mr. Swayne is quite correct in saying that the veracity of Herodotus 'is of the kind that wears well.' We go to Herodotus now not from mere curiosity, nor to be entertained with a traveller's stories, but for information and instruction, as to a good authority upon the matters of which he speaks—observant, honest, impartial, and, if more credulous than critical, yet so transparent in his credulousness that he cannot mislead, and never attempts to deceive. Mr. Rawlinson's translation of Herodotus, with its copious notes from Egyptian and Assyrian archaeology, was a service rendered to the historian himself, as well as to the world of letters; for it set the history in all its proper surroundings of antiquity, while bringing it before the English reader in a becoming modern dress. Mr. Swayne has performed the more difficult task of giving an analysis of the great work of Herodotus in the form of a consecutive narrative, with illustrations from other sources, and copious extracts in the historian's own words. This twofold task of condensation and explanation is so cleverly done that the reader who knows nothing of Greek, and who has not the time or the patience for the study of Rawlinson, can possess himself of the substance of Herodotus, and of much of the spirit of the author, by means of this charming manual of 180 pages. Though popular in its aim, the work is prepared with the thoroughness of the scholar, and may therefore be referred to with as much confidence as the original. The series of which it is a part, and which already embraces 'Caesar,' by Anthony Trollope; 'Virgil,' by Rev. W. Lucas Collins; 'Horace,' by Theodore Martin, etc., etc., will prove as taking as it is novel.

Shiloh; or, Without and Within. By W. M. L. Jay. (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1870.)—The plan of *Shiloh* is like this: Miss Winnie Frost, the heroine and autobiographer of the tale, having encountered difficulties in the course of her true love which she imagines to be fatal ones, decides to spend her summer vacation, not in Saratoga or any other fashionable resort, in the company of her worldly aunt and cousin, but to retire to some quiet country place where she can rest. *Shiloh* appears to offer great inducements for this purpose, and she repairs thither in com-

pany with her inseparable companions, 'Bona' and 'Mala'—in other words her good and her evil dispositions. With these two counsellors her 'will' keeps up a perpetual fight throughout a novel of nearly five hundred pages, and, as a matter of course, 'Bona' always gets the best of it in the long run. On the first night of her arrival at Shiloh, after a tough struggle between her cynical selfishness and her Christian charity, Miss Winnie decides to don a gorgeous wrapper, and go at nine o'clock in the evening, unattended but by a Newfoundland dog, to sit up with a dying girl whom she never heard of before. The sick girl's father proves to be an infidel of a singularly bellicose type—a hunchback, whose personal deformities joined with a diligent study of Tom Paine have made him, morally speaking, a very unpleasant object for Christian contemplation. Beside the deathbed he is anxious for 'an argument on the divinity of Christ,' which Miss Winnie promises him at some more convenient season. This person, we are sorry to say, does not finally give up his objectionable views, but is nevertheless reduced to silence by finding that his opponent knows more, even on his own side, than he does. Miss Winnie, in fact, bears a striking likeness to some other heroines whom we have met in the course of a long career of novel reading, in the matter of having been the only child of a man of wonderful attainments, who, in his despair at having no son, brings up his daughter in the same manner as if she had been a boy. Her mind has been trained to a masculine precision by the study of Greek and Latin and the science of music, and she has been early shown the fallacies, not alone of Tom Paine, but of Spinoza and Voltaire, of Hume and of Strauss. She has, too, an incisive, not to say a sharp, way of bringing out her arguments which silences even when it does not convince her antagonist.

To convert infidels and to smooth deathbeds is, however, but a small part of Miss Winnie's summer work. She regenerates the whole village, instructs the young and sets a good example to the old; is active in getting a new melodeon and a new rector for the disused church, and, when the latter arrives, modestly foregoes the immense advantage she has over him in point of learning and practical skill, and works under his direction with the most exemplary meekness. So we learn, at least, in one of the concluding chapters, where another hand than the heroine's takes up the tale. From Miss Winnie's own account we confess to having gained the impression that she abounded in every Christian virtue except humility, and had in our own mind accused her of nullifying her good deeds and her amiable intentions by her singular arrogance. The doubt occurred to us, however, whether modesty were a virtue strictly compatible with the work of setting in the best light not only one's actual good deeds, but the mental struggles which preceded one and all of them. Miss Winnie, at all events, though we admit her cleverness and her good intentions, by no means pleases us as well as she says she did her friends in Shiloh. From the lofty and serene heights of her learning and her better self and her inexorable 'will,' she patronizes everybody, even her reader, and even gives the impression that she is not certain that it is not rather a praiseworthy thing in her to adore her Maker. The book, however, is cleverly written and not uninteresting.

Estelle Russell. By the author of the 'Private Life of Galileo.' (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1870.)—An unusually readable, and in some ways a rather remarkable novel is this. The scene of the story is chiefly laid in France, although a majority of the characters are English people. The plot is simple and well managed; the dialogue is lively, and the very sparing amount of moralizing and philosophizing in which the author indulges, and which, with great wisdom, she generally puts into the mouths of her characters instead of enunciating it in her own person, has a curious air of profundity which is quite imposing. The book contains, too, a great deal of what looks at first sight like very clever study of character, and which, in cases like that of Estelle, or Mrs. Russell, or Julia Maurice, where her personages are not meant to do double duty, and to be types as well as individuals, very often really is so. There is none of them who will not be found interesting in one way or another, nor any portion of the book which can be called anything but agreeable reading. Despite, however, of its real cleverness as a story of social life, we have found it more interesting as suggestion than as performance. It belongs to that class of imperfect art products which inevitably bring their author so prominently before the mind that he partially eclipses his own work. The book shows close observation within a limited range, and, if we may say so, a good deal of insight into the outside of a great many things. Estelle Russell, the heroine, is a Protestant girl of some nondescript shade of orthodoxy, who is married for love by a free-

thinker, and by him brought to live in the household of his parents, Catholics of what the author considers the most extreme type. Naturally enough, although the book is in no sense a religious novel, the antagonism of the two religions comes into great prominence. The peculiarity of the author's way of handling her theme is that, being herself imbued with a generally liberal spirit, she wishes both to satirize the foibles and to insist upon the good points of all her religiously inclined personages. To a certain degree, too, she succeeds very well—her weakness being that she does not really understand the state of mind of any person who holds any positive belief whatever, and, being no genius, has to let her reading and her observation supply as best they can, her want of sympathetic appreciation. To George Eliot, a satisfactory portrait of so genuinely religious a character as Dinah Evans seems to have been not difficult of delineation, but the Abbé D'Eyrieu, who seems to indicate the high-water mark of our author's abilities in this direction, is only a pleasant failure. One of her critics, we see, professes to be in doubt as to what particular shade of religious belief the writer of this novel inclines to—whether the Protestantism of the French pastor Cazères, or the Wesleyanism of Mrs. Vivian, the Rationalism of Raymond, or the Catholicism of D'Eyrieu, is really most to her taste. To our thinking, she might hold to either opinion as she has depicted it, and yet be disowned alike by Catholic, Protestant, and free thinker. Her book is one to which novel readers may very properly be glad to have their attention called.

From Thistles—Grapes? By Mrs. Eiloart, author of 'The Curate's Discipline,' 'Meg,' 'St. Bede's,' etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.)—Mrs. Eiloart's novel gives evidence of having been very carefully thought out and planned, and shows, too, that sense of responsibility which appears so plainly in much of our modern fiction—more often, we think, in that produced by women and by men who are, on the whole, second-rate, at least in pure literature, than by those whose work is really artistic, and, for that reason, has a permanent value. The story and the delineation of character seem, to writers of this class, to be rightfully subordinate to certain views they entertain and wish to enforce—some theory in politics, or some side in religion. Their way of writing does not, perhaps, render their books less interesting—not, at all events, in the first reading, which is all that most of them ever get, and in which the finding out what a new author's mind is like—supposing that he has one worth considering—is, to many readers, as agreeable a task as contemplating the fortunes of his fictitious creations. Generally, however, there is an appearance of hard work about them which detracts from the reader's pleasure. Mrs. Eiloart has political and social theories to ventilate. Like Victor Hugo, she would like to shift upon society most of the responsibility of crime—a plan which, as it undoubtedly has its advantages for the criminal and does not materially injure society, is naturally capable of having many ingenious things said in its favor. She has contrived a story in which a brutal, debased, and utterly ignorant man is finally pursued to the gallows for a crime which he did not really commit, but for which the circumstantial evidence went strongly against him, by his own father, a highly respectable clergyman and master of a noted grammar-school. Of course, neither Dr. Langton nor his son is aware of the relationship between them, although the reader is allowed to conjecture it from the outset; but his desertion of the boy's mother, and the resulting life of ignorance and indigence in which the child is reared, make him the responsible author of all that afterwards happens.

There is also another criminal introduced—one of the most injured and saintly of men, who, in his youth, had committed a forgery out of purely philanthropic motives and in a moment of unguarded weakness, and whose whole after-life is one long remorse, which, nevertheless, does not clear him in the purblind eyes of justice. Evidently there is something wrong in such a state of things. Mrs. Eiloart is also more than inclined to extreme liberalism in religion, and has a great admiration for Garibaldi and his red, doubtful red-shirts. As a delineator of character, she gives the impression of making her personages serve rather as means to her ends than of considering them in and for themselves. As we said before, she writes well and carefully; and if she leaves, on the whole, not quite a pleasant impression, it is, perhaps, as much because of her want of spontaneity as for any more serious defect.

Village Sketches, descriptive of Club and School Festivals and other Village Gatherings and Institutions. By T. C. Whitehead, M.A., Head Master of Christ's College, Finchley, late Incumbent of Gawcott, Bucks. Third edition. To which is added a new series. (New York: George Routledge

& Sons. 1870.)—This little volume contains, in a very unpretending form, a good deal of instructive and interesting reading. It recounts the various attempts of the author, while incumbent of Gawcott, to set on foot a number of self-supporting associations, penny banks, sewing societies, clubs for mutual instruction and entertainment, and the like, by means of which his poorer parishioners might learn how to manage their own affairs, and to improve their condition by their own efforts. His idea was to accustom them to self-reliance, and to get them to understand the value of united action and of joint deliberation. Most of his hints are such as would be found valuable by all persons who have the ability and the will to do what they can for the benefit of their poor and ignorant neighbors—the gist of them all being that it is best to rely very little on authority and very much on training into working order the common instinct of self-help. Mr. Whitehead seems, however, to have been unusually well able, both by nature and by the accidental circumstances of his position, to put his plans into effect. His benevolence appears at once genuine and intelligent, and he shows a hearty sympathy with the dispositions of his people as well as a nice appreciation of their needs. He seems, moreover, and we suspect this had no slight influence on the complete success of his schemes, to have had everything his own way—neither a dissenting chapel nor a resident landlord was near to help or to hinder. Under a different order of things we can imagine that his machinery might very easily have got out of running order, and that his 'Free and Easy Night Club,' for instance, the account of which is such pleasant reading, might very speedily have come to grief. To adopt his special plans, therefore, although in themselves they look simple and feasible enough, would very likely be difficult except under circumstances equally favorable; but the general principle which underlies them all being a true one, might readily be carried out in other ways. The book is worth reading, if only for the impression one gets from it of the thorough manliness and amiability of the author, who, notwithstanding, keeps himself, with the most unaffected modesty, entirely in the background.

A Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons. By John Broadus, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. (Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.)—Though every genuine preacher will be a law to himself, and the very art of sermonizing must change with the changes of the times, there will never come a time when the study of homiletics can be dispensed with in favor of nature, or genius, or individuality. How to present truth so as to secure the best ends of truth, how to lead devotion so as best to answer the ends of worship, is an art—a science, we might almost say—that no preacher can afford to neglect through confidence in his own spontaneity or originality. Dr. Broadus has prepared a manual which, though neither profound nor original, has these two merits: a tacit recognition of the changes that modern society demands in the methods and manners of the pulpit, and good common sense in its suggestions for securing to preaching its legitimate influence. The chapters on argument, illustration, and extemporaneous preaching will be particularly useful. The author has used freely the materials of other writers in the department of rhetoric, and in the main with discrimination. Any theologian might gather some timely hints from his pages.

*. Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles	Publishers.—Prices.
Ante-Nicene Christian Library: Tertullian, Vol. III., Victorians and Commodians.	(Scribner, Welford & Co.) \$3 50
The Clementine Homilies.	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
Parker (Lady), Stories about.	(Lippincott & Holt) 1 50
Böcher (F.), Progressive French Reader.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 0 75
Collins (W.), Hide and Seek, swd.	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Ginx's Baby, 5th ed.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Holcombe (Dr. W. H.), The Other Life.	(Fields, Osgood & Co.)
H. H., Verses.	(Callaghan & Cockcroft)
High (J. L.), Speeches of Lord Erskine, 3 vols.	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 50
Keary (A. and E.), The Heroes of Asgard.	(Littell & Gay)
Littell's Living Age, Fourth series, Vol. XIX.	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 00
Macmillan (Rev. H.), The True Vine.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Macdonald (G.), On the Miracles of Our Lord.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Maudsley (Dr. H.), Body and Mind.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Myers (H. M. and P. V. N.), Life and Nature under the Tropics	
Messor (H.), Margaree: a Poem.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Norton (Hon. Mrs.), Lost and Saved.	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 75
Oliphant (Mrs.), Francis of Assisi.	(Lippincott & Holt)
Pyolodet (L.), Second French Reader.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Spencer (H.), Principles of Psychology, Parts III. and IV., 1 vol., swd.	(Macmillan & Co.)
When I was a Little Girl.	(Scribner, Welford & Co.) 3 75
Waterton (C.), Essays on Natural History.	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Woven of Many Threads.	

Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FOURTH WINTER EXHIBITION.

THE National Academy of Design continues in the winter season what might be called a permanent exhibition, remodelled at different times. The collection of foreign pictures, whose ownership is represented by Mr. H. W. Derby, is the principal new feature, and gives to the North and East rooms of the Academy building an unusual look of gaiety. So easily does the eye become accustomed to any key of color in pictures, so well do we bear with the dull brown and dirty yellow of American landscape, as interpreted by too many of our painters, that the coloring of a batch of work, far from first-rate, by contemporary Europeans, affords a comparative relief and makes a manner of festivity. The Derby collection, unfortunately, is no exception to the usual run of our importations of pictures, which are prudently kept within the limits of general demand. So even in character has been this popular liking, that under strong provocation only has it happened that a very few first-rate foreign pictures are at last owned by some wealthy collectors of foreign art.

It is not at all surprising, therefore, that the mass of the present collection, numbering some four hundred pictures, should represent little more than an average choice. Around two rooms runs a long line of little pictures, of what is called high-finish, or painted according to methods in fashion, but out of all these not a couple call for exceptional notice. Among the larger paintings, among the usual Bouguereaus, and Verboeckhovens, and Merles, some three or four would be noticeable and praiseworthy in any modern collection. First in importance is a picture by Alfred Stevens, in which carefully finished work, and a rapid and almost sketchy execution, unite to make what may be fairly called a masterpiece. The painting has little subject in the usual sense; it is a portrait study of a lady, seated on a mahogany arm-chair. A harp and music-stand with music are near her, and her hands are folded over some printed sheets of music in her lap. The decorative effect of a blue carpet and amber-colored hangings, a green silk dress, and dark fur and velvet, make up in great part the interest of the picture; but everything in it, figure and accessories, is subdued into perfect accordance with the tone—color and quantity—of the light in the place represented, with a consequent look of peace and repose. Though the work is labelled 'Meditation,' the expressiveness of the figure seems to be independent of any intention of the painter. It is probably nothing but a studio study, but the artist's direct interest in the mere facts before him has given it an intimate life not enjoyed by that other careful picture of his now in Knoedler's gallery, and mentioned here some few weeks back. A few little faults in the figure are interesting—a certain indecision of the drawing of the wrist, and a monotony of folds in the dress, which suggests the lay-figure.

Another more important work is Jules Breton's 'Potato Harvest,' which recalls in a degree the austere sentiment of the peasant-painter, François Millet. Mr. Breton's ideal is more complex, or, rather, less decided; he often hesitates in his choice between the more vulgar and outward appearances of rustic life and some more elegant and idyllic intention. His great rival has sought typical action and character, and, more successfully than any other artist, has rendered under all external accidents the gravity and dignity of labor. Here, the movement of the two figures filling the greater part of the canvas has a solemn look in harmony with the delicate evening sky against which they are relieved in a faint and clear sunset light. This weakened contrast of light and shadow gives unfortunate prominence to some shocking defects of drawing, limited, however, to the modelling and painting of the arms of the figures, which, besides being incorrectly foreshortened, have too much of the appearance of leather sheaths; a distressing piece of carelessness, and difficult to account for in such careful work.

The graceful style, accurate observation, and critical restraint which have marked Mr. Fromentin's literary studies mark also his modest landscape in this collection. It represents a view on a water course near Cairo, a canal running between earth banks, and disappearing in a hazy white distance, out of which rise the pyramids in a vaporous white sky. On the edge of the bank are camels and camel-drivers; and across the water come swimming Arabs from the other side. The sober correctness of the work differs from the accuracy of the Stevens opposite, in that it seems not so much the result of a trained instinct's pleased recognition of

facts as the expression of a refined intellect which has chosen a subject for deliberate observation and enjoyment. The peace and quiet of the picture are well worth waiting for, even if they take at first the appearance of dullness. Mr. Fromentin seems here to have carried out with too much faith his own little aphorism—that those painters who have sought for sunlight have played with fire and burnt their fingers—for a short pause is needed to see that sunlight and not gray dawn is represented in the picture. Perhaps one ought to rejoice in that undulating diversity of the human mind which can bring back from the East such varying impressions as this cool, clear light and the hazy, Indian-summer atmosphere of our own Mr. Gifford's painting.

The gray mode appears more probable in the large French landscape by Mr. Daubigny, important by its size and its masculine execution, but with a heavy look, certainly increased by its being very badly hung in the Academy room. A similar blackness afflicts the interesting but not more representative landscape by Rousseau. Mr. Desgoffes' patient and certain art has here an average specimen, wherein one notices the absurd limitations apparently imposed upon him by so brilliant a method of painting. While the deceptive imitation of certain hard surfaces could go no further, and the accuracy of touch which gives them is wonderful, the poor tender flowers which Mr. Desgoffes insists upon painting in positions of honor are made to take the form and texture of sheet-iron, glass, and enamel.

A scene of Alsatian life is conscientiously treated by Brion; and Billet, a well-known follower of Mr. Breton, has a very real and very realistic study of rural French characters entitled 'The Card-Players.' There are some sheep by Mr. Chaigneau, who seems too much afraid of falling into the hardened manner of the school of Rosa Bonheur; Mr. Jacque has no such wholesome fear about his sheep, and has an enormous picture called 'Spring,' which is much better in his little etching on zinc of the same subject. There is a little landscape by Lambinet, pretty but not characteristic, and a nice little picture by X. De Cock, full of the green light that filters through leaves, and probably somewhat despised by the public. Then there are two Düsseldorfers of unequal fame, who manage

to combine some of the merits and many of the defects of French and German paintings. Mr. Oswald Achenbach's picture is not exceptional, and Mr. Hoff's is ingenious and gay-colored but rather too large for its not enormous merit.

Among the smaller pictures, which are numerous, there is a pretty little Ziem, a picture by Fortin, and some studies by Edouard Frère, whose merits seem to belong to the past. A recent celebrity is Mr. Worms, who here manages to give so much of nature in his scene, of the date of the first French Empire, that the exquisite archæology of his picture is pardonable. There are also in the collection a number of pictures by well-known names, whose appearance is doubtful or contradictory, and in some way uncertain. The most remarkable is that of Baron Leys, entitled 'The Message,' not evidently by the Leys we all know and admire but painted by the same artist at some intermediate stage. With the same bad mark there are: a picture by Gallait, with some intention, however conventional, but incredibly weak in the drawing and modelling of its figures; two specimens of the decrepitude of Diaz; a Troyon upon whose authenticity it is not pleasant to rest; two more Ziems, almost impossible; and a Chaplin, which, however authentic, represents its painter's usual gray tones by an abnormal brick color.

The transition to the works of Verboeckhoven, Bouguereau, and Merle, or to those of their imitators—Lecomte-Vernet, and Cot—would here be natural and in connection, but want of space forbids. Something, however, might be said in extenuation of the blame with which they might be visited. Artists and critics forget the very evident and ordinary uses which works of art subserve. Certainly, no better adornment to a certain style of wealthy interiors could be found than paintings by Bouguereau or by Merle, which combine with many of the merits and the look of pictures the look also of furniture, and suggest by their polished surface the presence and care of many attendants. The faces in the pictures are also very pretty, and if the eye catches them in a parlor, they do not seem out of place. Of this quality of parlor-pictures there are several in this collection by Mr. Bouguereau, and one by Mr. Merle, who has more judiciously worked for our market.

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